

NO 22 FEB.-MAR.

The KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

S.O.S!
S.O.S!

DEPT.
OF STREETS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

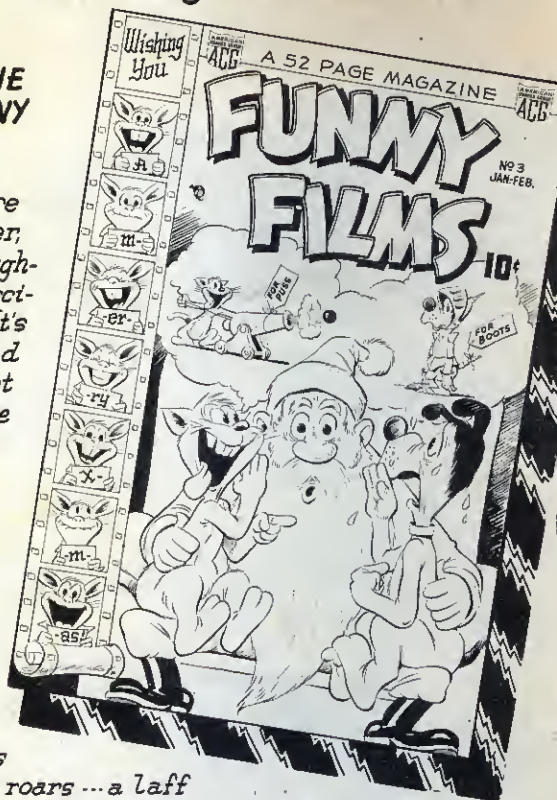
Announcing SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

...A mirthful magazine that brings the MOVIES to YOU!

9½ FUNNY FILMS ...THE
FIRST REAL NOVELTY IN FUNNY
ANIMAL COMICS!

You've roared at moving picture cartoons--now, for the first time ever, see them brought to life in the laugh-packed pages of the funniest, most fascinating book in the history of comics! It's turned out by the very writers and artists who produce Hollywood's most hilarious hits! And now they bring the movies **RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME!**

FUNNY FILMS features characters such as you've laughed at on the screen... in rollicking **LAFF MOVIES** that'll stretch you in the aisles! From cover to cover, it's chockful of the very type of mad, gay antics that your theatre charges high prices for! Full of racy, riotous roars ... a laff a second guaranteed... and a host of sensational surprises that you'll **NEVER** forget! So remember... you don't have to go to the movies anymore to see the best in cartoon comics... **WE'RE BRINGING THE MOVIES TO YOU!**

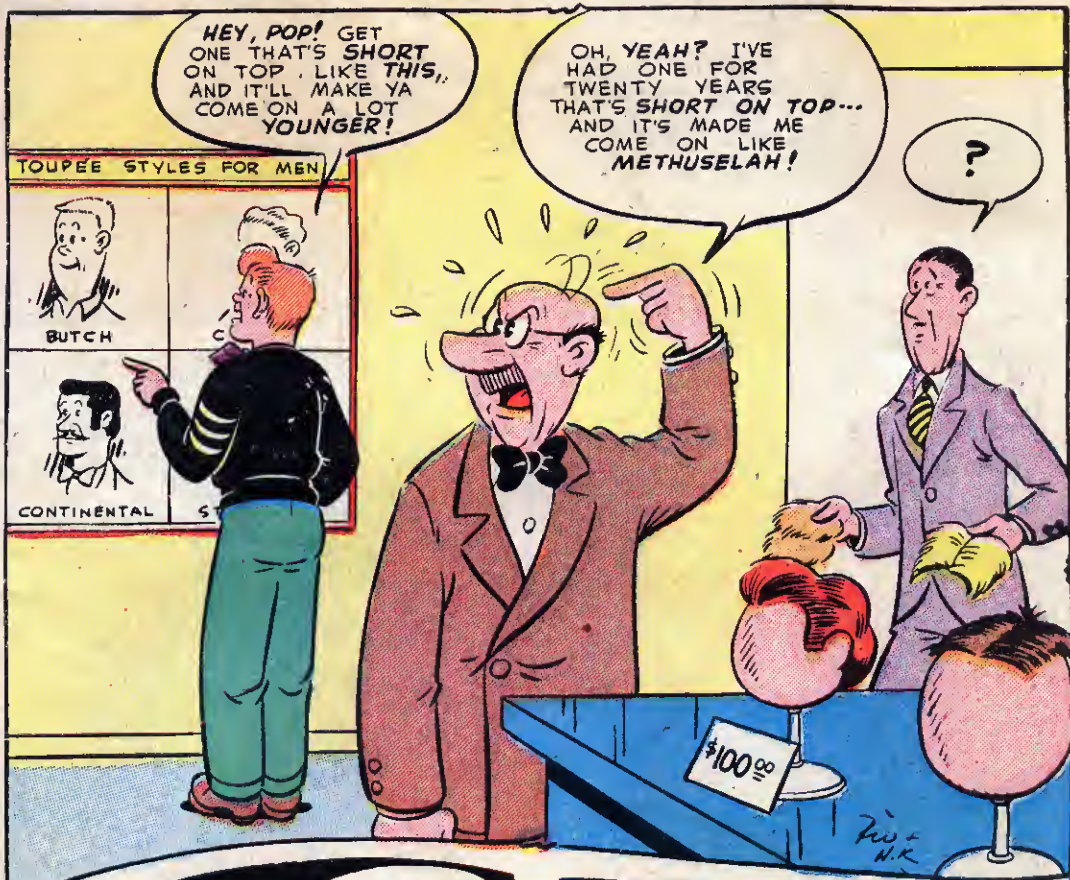


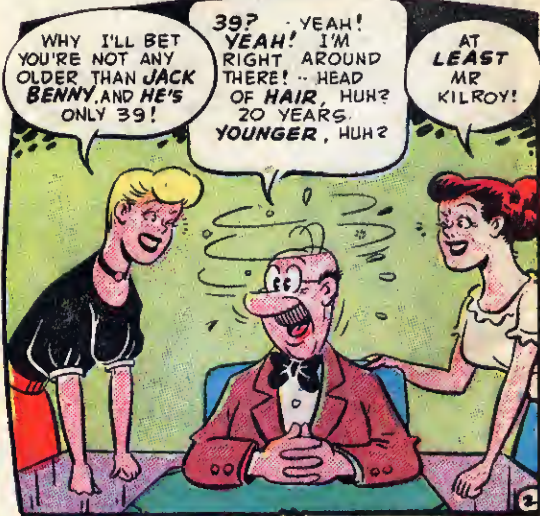
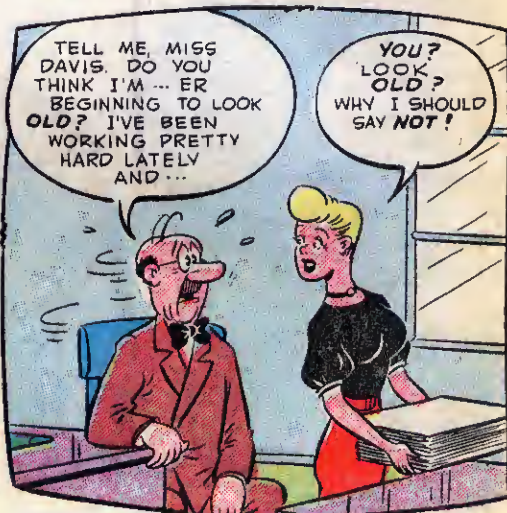
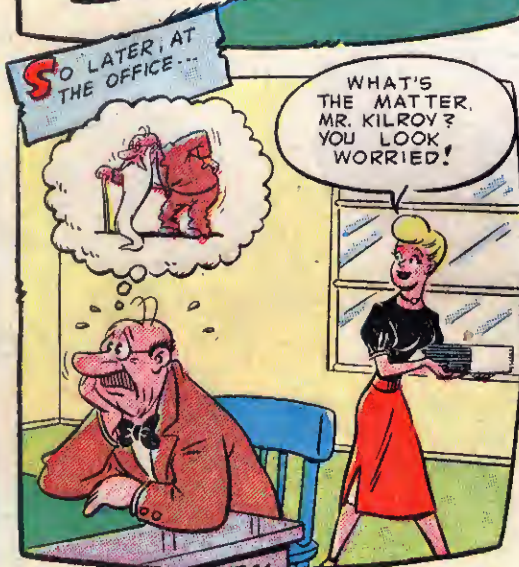
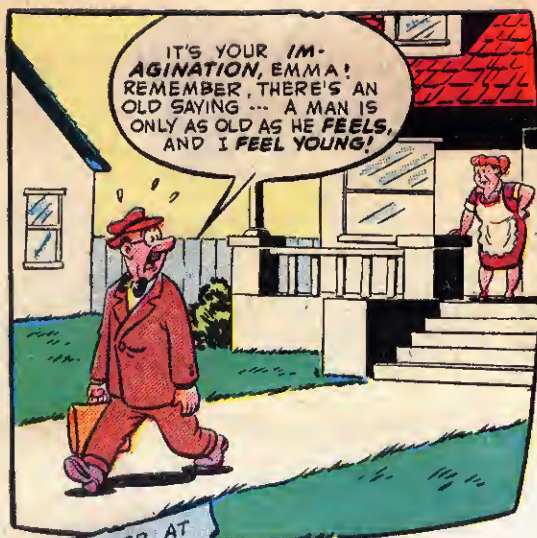
They're
all in... **FUNNY
FILMS**

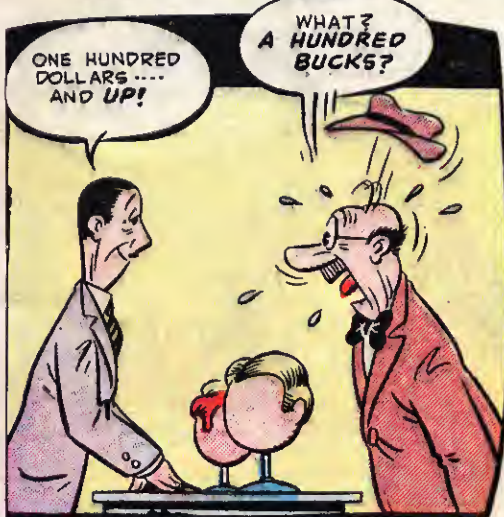
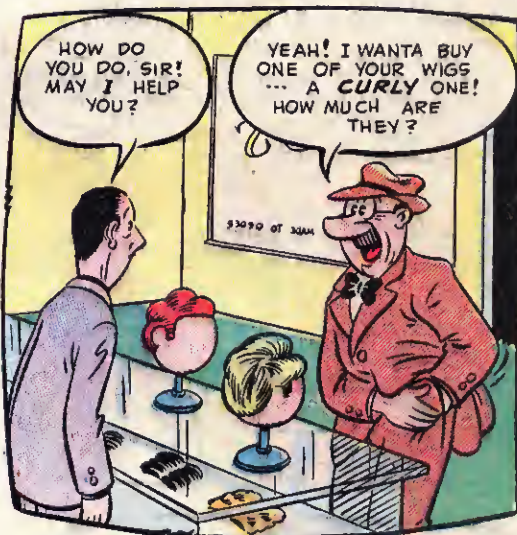
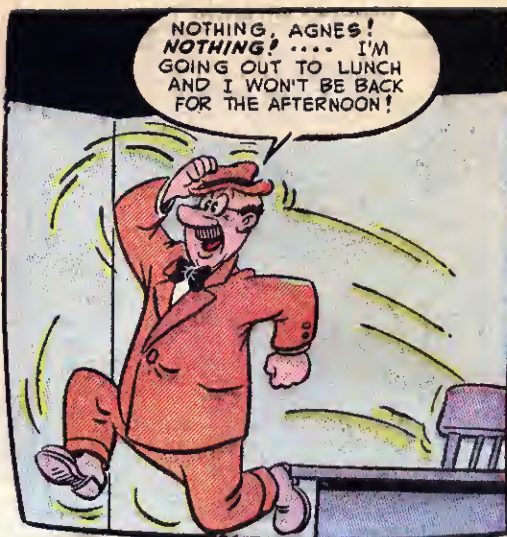
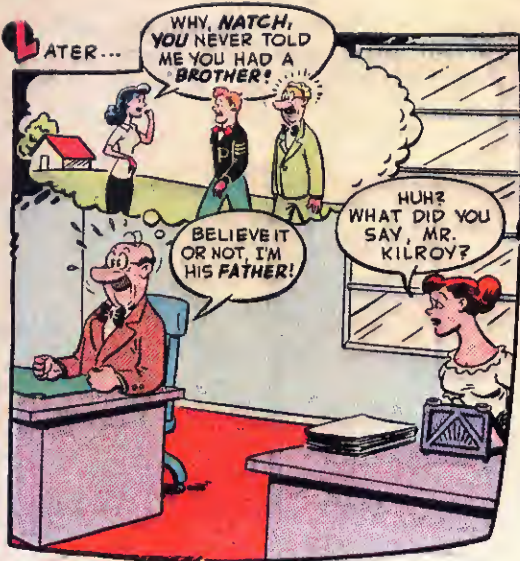
10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

The KILROYS

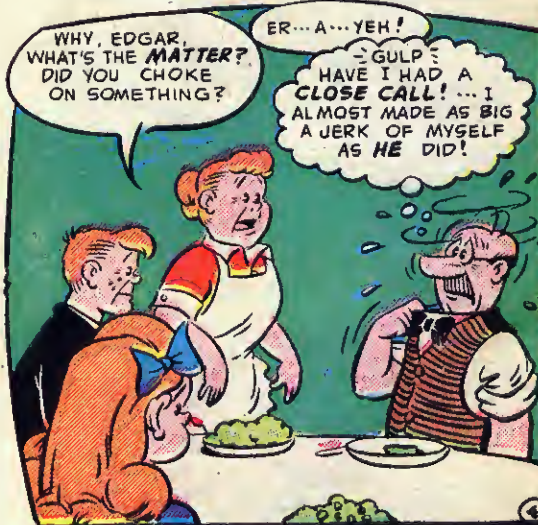
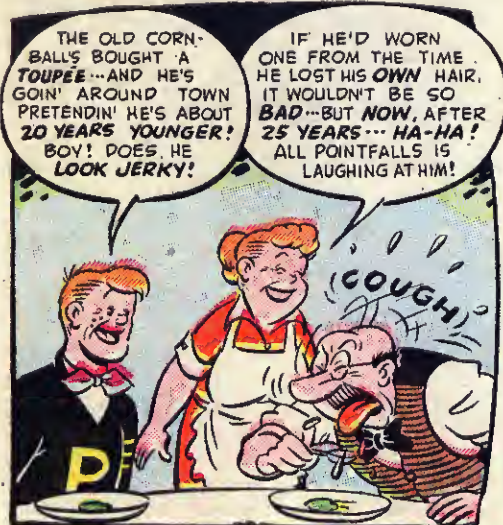
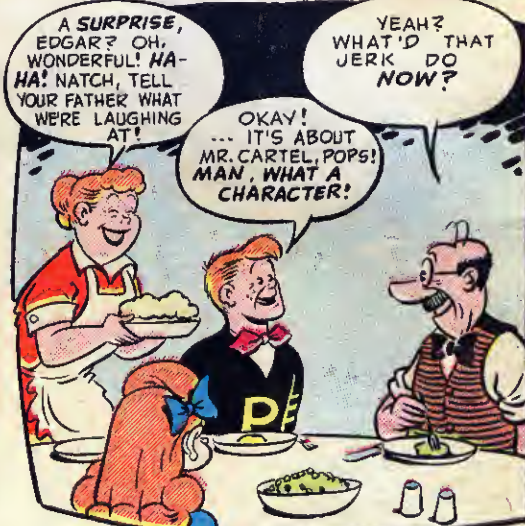
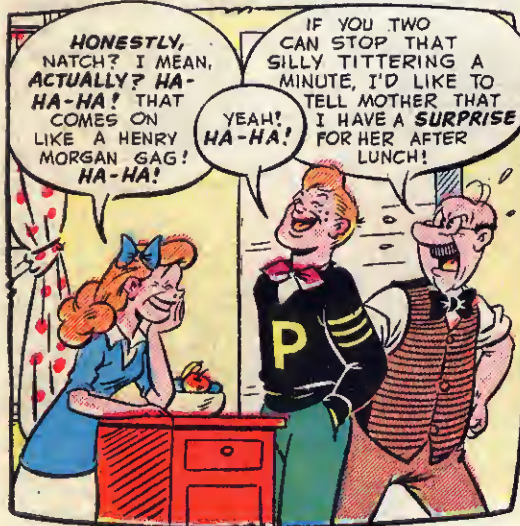
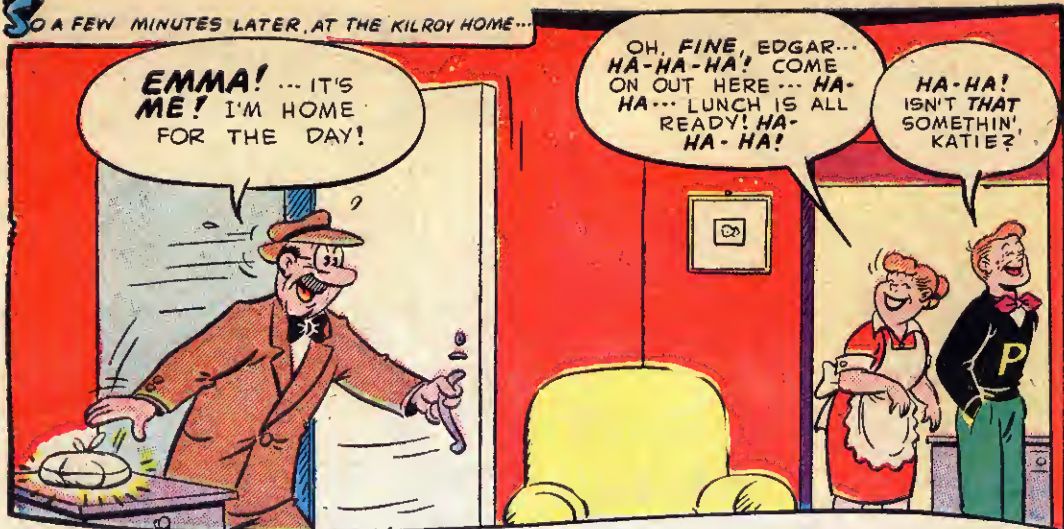
"TOUPÉE OR NOT TOUPÉE!"

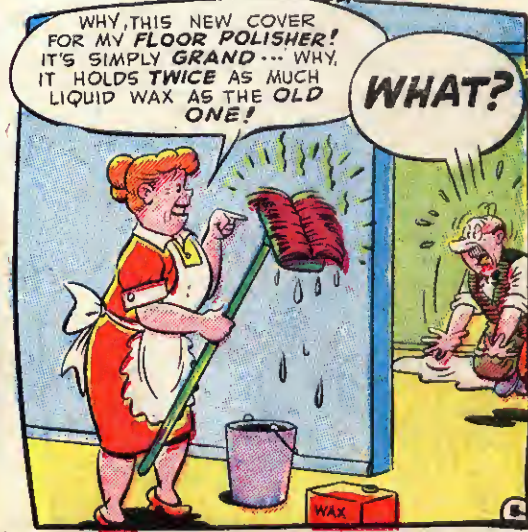
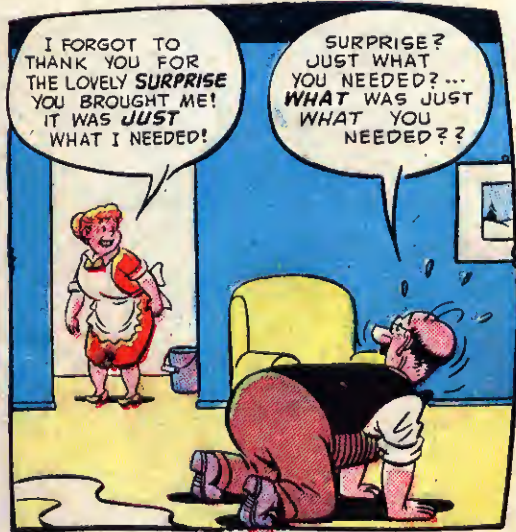
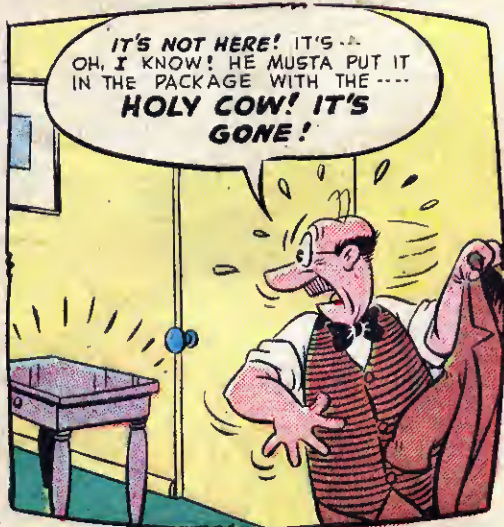
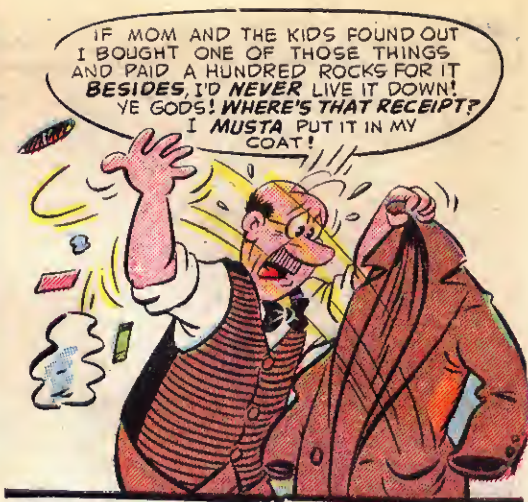
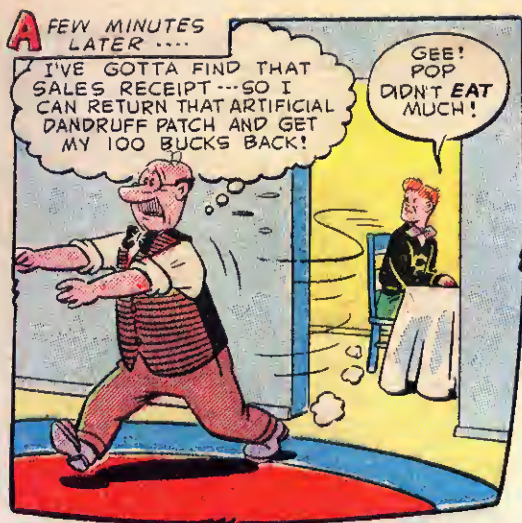


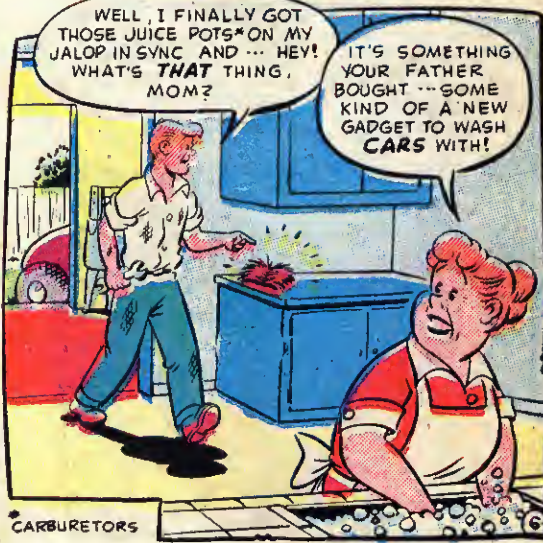
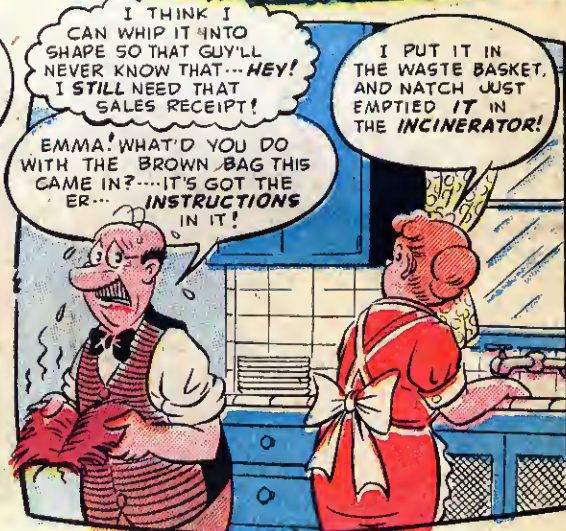




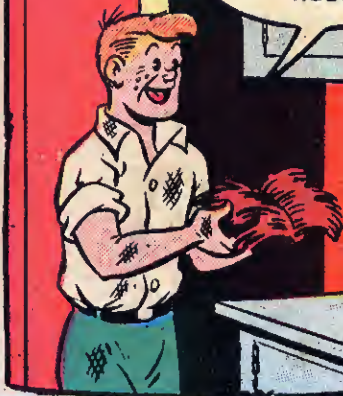
SO A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE KILROY HOME...





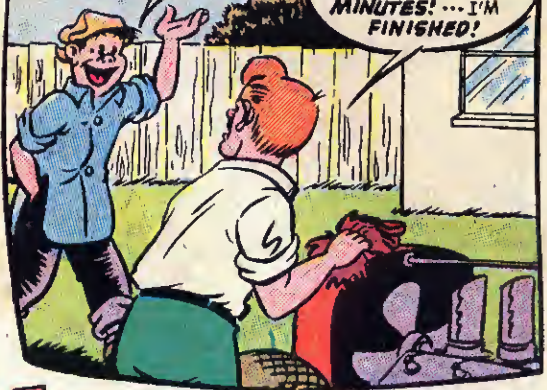


HEY, **KEEN**, HEY!
MY JALOPY OUGHTA GET
A BIG CHARGE OUTA THIS
THING! ... MIGHT AS
WELL GIVE IT A BATH
RIGHT NOW -- IT SURE
NEEDS IT!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T
THE ROY ROGERS OF
ROUTE 66, WASTIN' A
WHOLE AFTERNOON GIVIN'
HIS GASOLINE STEED A
SATURDAY-NIGHTER!

WHO'S
WASTING AN
AFTERNOON?
...WITH THIS
NEW WASHING
MITT MY POP
BOUGHT ME,
EXACTLY **TWO**
MINUTES! ... I'M
FINISHED!



MEANWHILE...

YEOW-CH!
DOGGONE THAT KID!
I'VE TOLD 'IM A HUNDRED
TIMES NOT TO PUT **TIN**
CANS IN THIS INCIN-
ERATOR!



FINALLY...

I FOUND IT!! I
FOUND IT!!
NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS
DE-WAX THAT WIG AND
GET MY **100 BUCKS!**



WELL, FOR -- **IT'S**
GONE AGAIN! EMMA,
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH
THAT--THAT CAR-WASH
GADGET? I LEFT IT
RIGHT HERE!

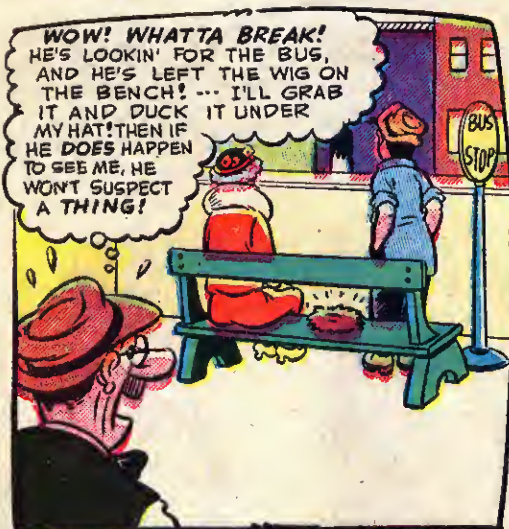
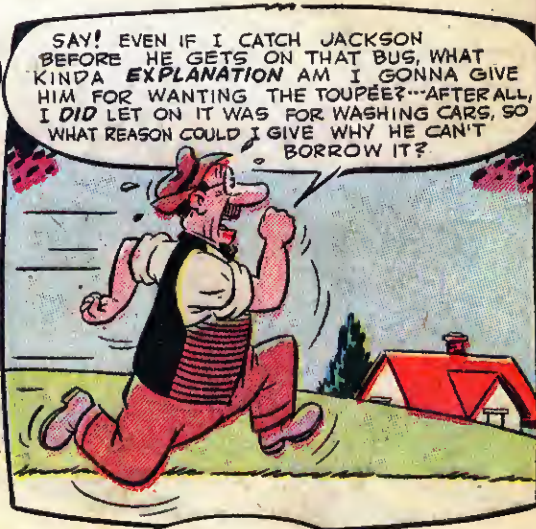
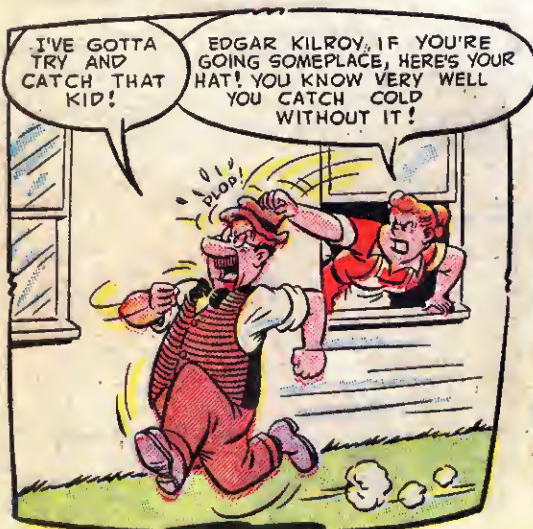
WHY, NATCH:
IS WASHING HIS
CAR WITH
IT!

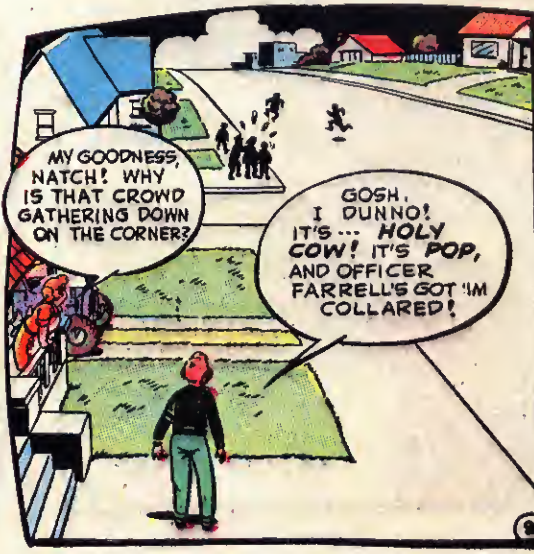
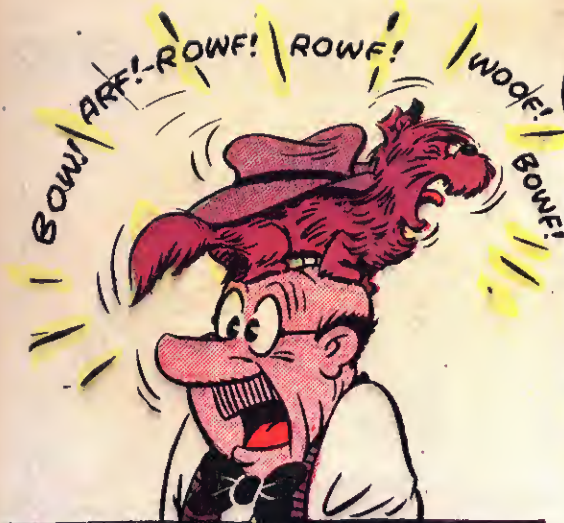


WASHING HIS
CAR WITH IT? YE
GODS! HE CAN'T DO THAT--
IT'LL RUIN IT!

EDGAR
KILROY, ARE
YOU LOSING YOUR
MIND? THAT'S
WHAT YOU SAID IT
WAS FOR, DIDN'T
YOU?







S A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I PROMISE TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM, MR. FARRELL! ... I'M **SURE** HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING! YOU SEE, HE'S BEEN **WORKING TOO HARD!**

GEE WHIZ, POP! YOU MUSTA **FLIPPED** YOUR **WIG!**

WELL, OKAY! I'LL LET HIM GO, MRS. KILROY!

DON'T SAY THAT WORD!

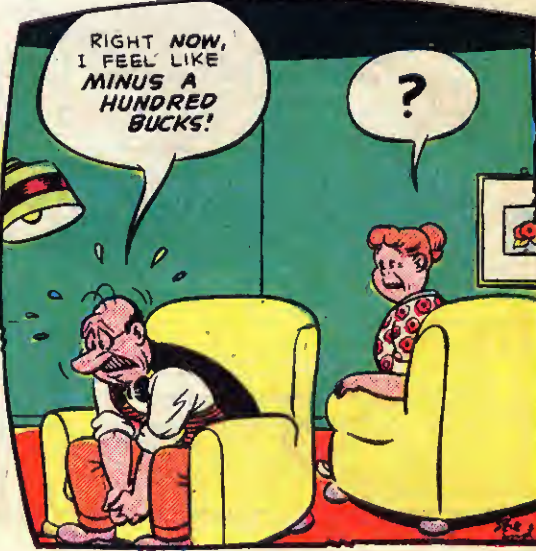
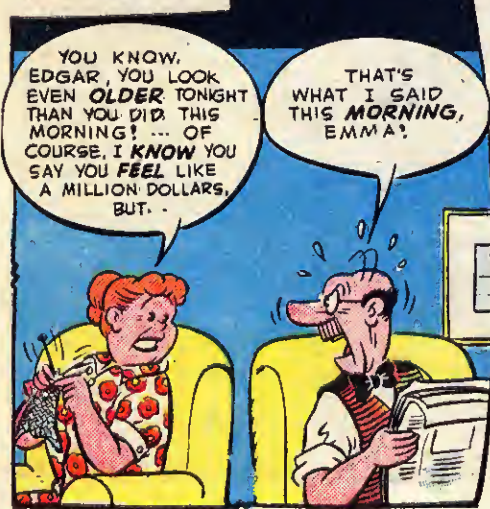
THAT EVENING...

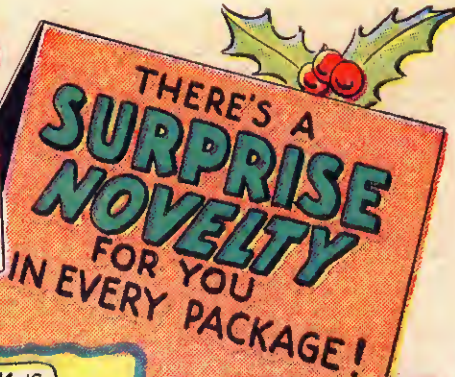
LO, MISTER KILROY, IT'S ME, JACKSON! ... I JUST **DROPPED BY** TO RETURN YOUR CAR-WASHIN' MITT!

THANK GOODNESS! GIMME IT, JACKSON ... GIMME IT!



S STILL LATER THAT EVENING...





I RIDE HIGH—
NO HANDS ON MY
BROOM—AND AWAY
TO THE SKY WITH
CRACKER JACK
I ZOOM!



CRACKER JACK IS
THE BEST TASTING
CONFECTION IN MY
BAG—
THE MORE YOU EAT
THE MORE YOU WANT!



HERE, BUD!
IT'S CRACKER
JACK! IT'S
SURE TO
MAKE YOU
HAPPY!



For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES



They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
..REGULARLY..

Read **AMERICAN!**

Divine MAN

"You. . .you're impossible!" Barbie cried. "You're a. . .a. . .pest!"

"Aw, Barbie," her brother Ed drawled, "you know you don't mean it! You like me a little, don't you?"

"No, I don't!" Barbie sounded quite positive. "Look at you, in those old dungarees and that torn sweater! How do you think a girl feels when her brother is so disgraceful-looking? It's very important to a girl that the members of her family be as *attractive* as possible! Which you're *not*!"

Ed kept on smiling, which made Barbie all the angrier. "Oh, you!" she said again and stormed out of the house to find consolation with her friend Essie.

Her nerves began to relax with the first sip of her black-and-white soda. Essie was having a coke and listening sympathetically to Barbie's tale of woe.

"You should worry about Ed," she reassured Barbie. "Even if he is a social handicap, you don't have to suffer! You can always *hide him* or something! What I always say is. . ."

Barbie held up her hand for silence. "Listen!" she whispered.

From the next booth, came the sounds of girls talking, chatter-sounds and giggle-sounds and long-drawn-out sighs. "I tell you, he's *divine*!" one voice, louder than the rest, was holding forth. "He's so cute-looking and so smart!"

"I should say he is!" another voice chimed in emphatic agreement. "He's just about the smoothest man in town!"

"And his friends are cute, too!" a third voice added. "I'd love to get into that crowd, wouldn't you?"

A gush of agreement greeted this idea. There was a lot of talk about how clever *he* was, and how well *he* danced, and what fun *he* was on a date.

Barbie, fascinated by the conversation in the next booth, raised her eyebrows inquiringly as she looked at Essie. That meant, "Who is he?"

Essie shrugged her shoulders in reply and smiled. That meant, "I don't know, but I sure would like to!"

"Oh, well!" Barbie said out loud. "Might as well go. I've got homework." As she started to rise, one of the girls in the next booth answered her unspoken question. It startled Barbie very much.

"I'd give anything to meet Eddie March!" she said.

Barbie could not help herself. It was what the bio teacher called a reflex. "That's *my brother*!" she wailed.

All the way home, she kept repeating this to Essie. "My own *brother*, a divine man!" she said. "Imagine!"

"And his *friends* are cute, too!" Essie added meaningfully.

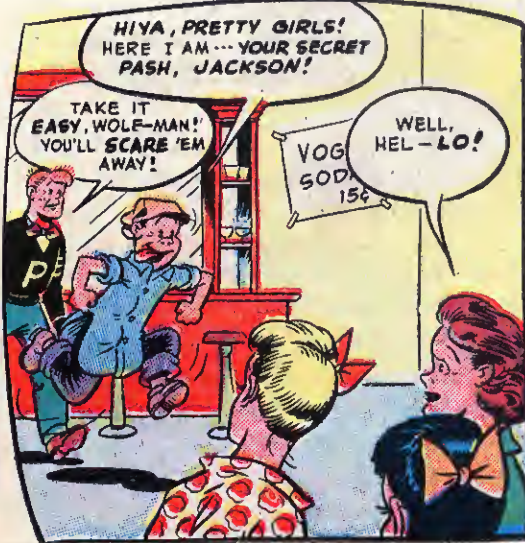
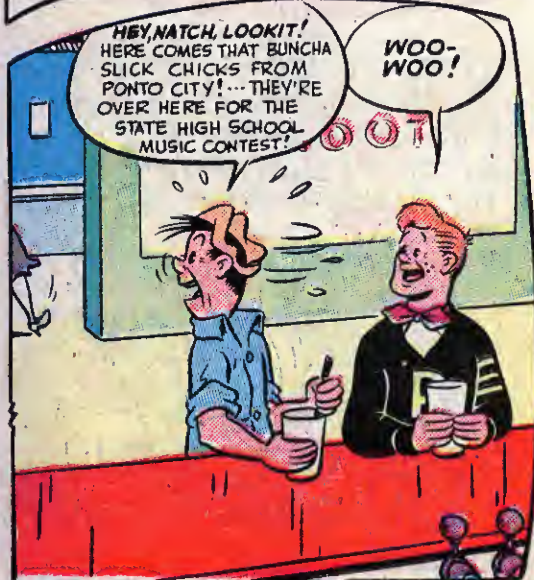
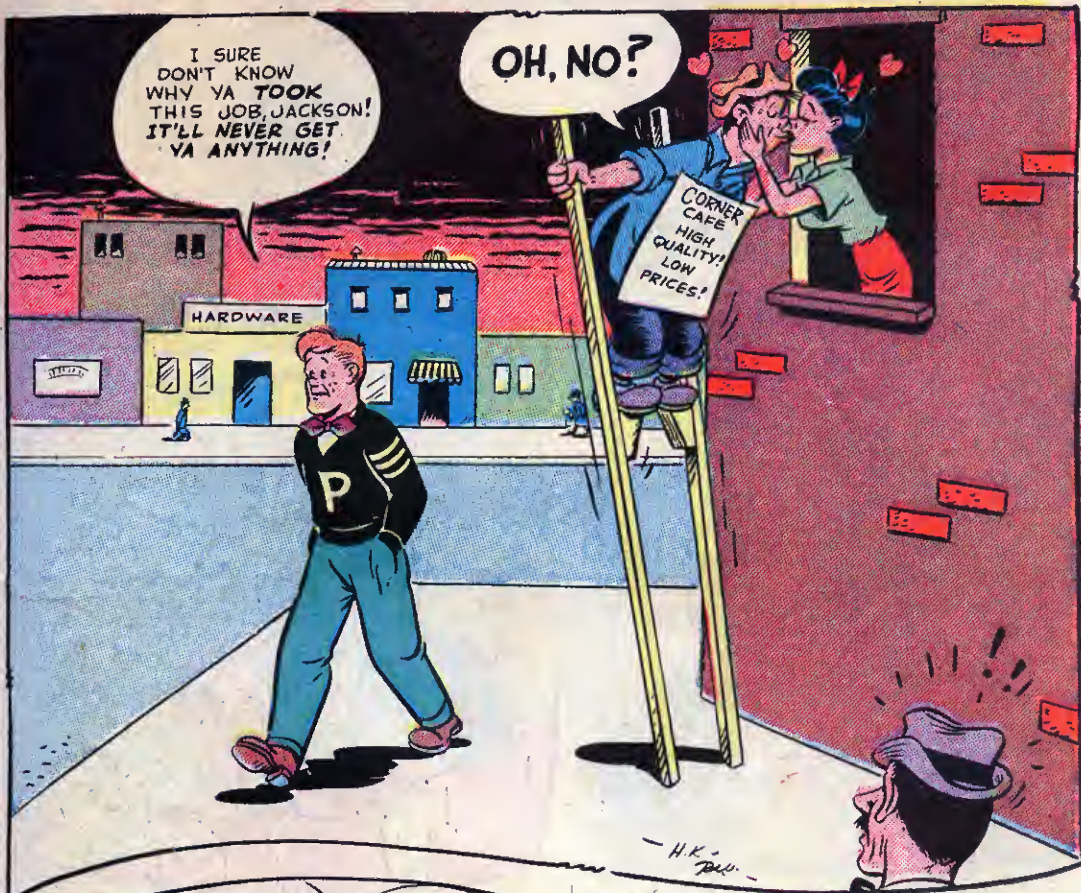
It was a repentant Barbie who came home and knocked respectfully at Eddie's door. "Got over your mad?" he asked her.

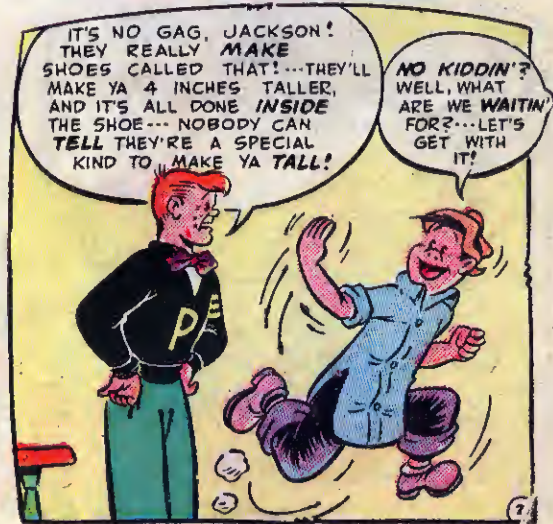
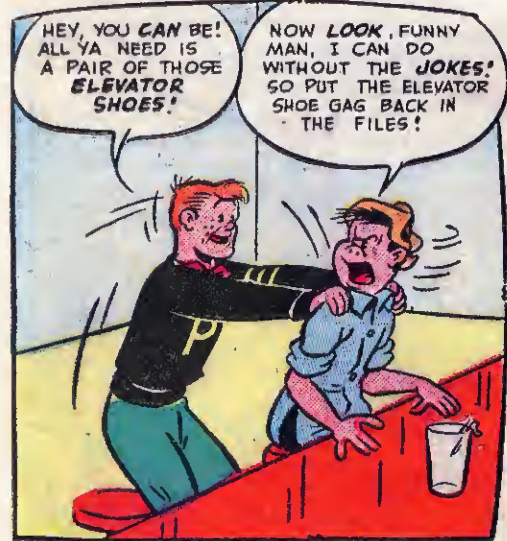
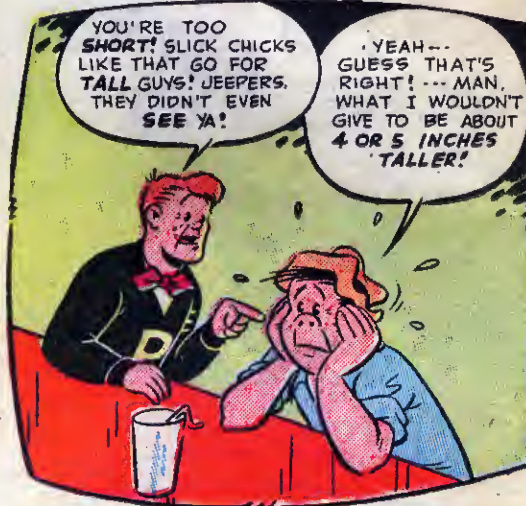
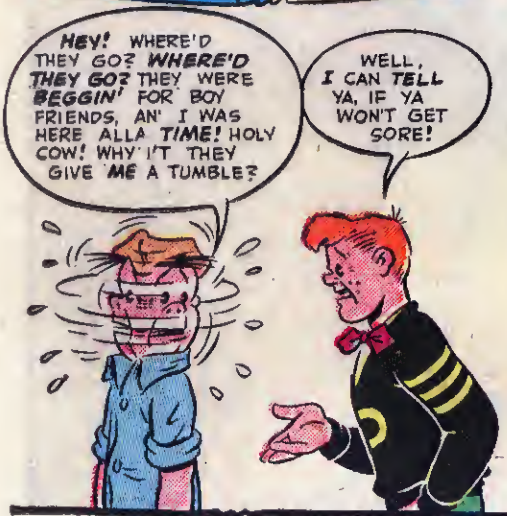
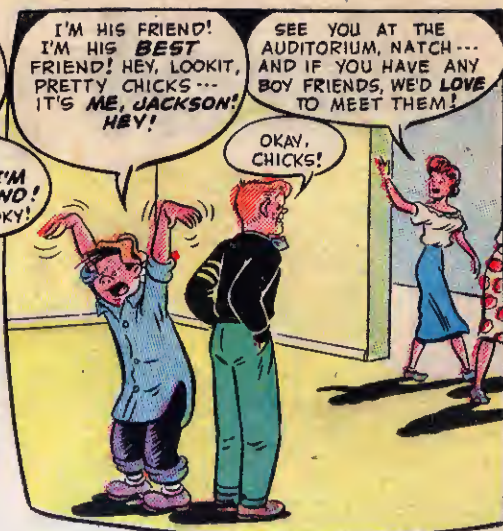
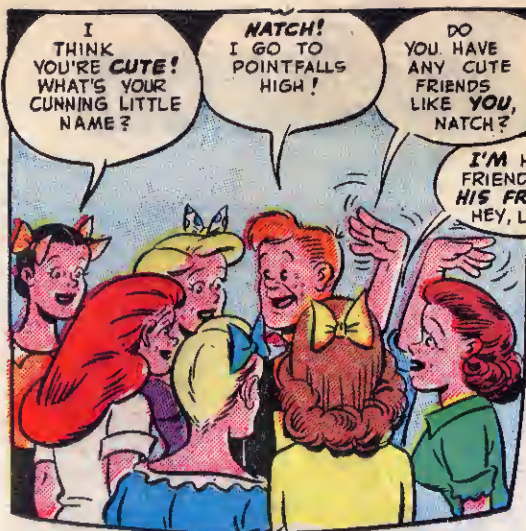
"Yes, Eddie," she said, "and. . .and I want to tell you that I'm very sorry for all the mean things I said. On mature reflection, I've decided that you may be quite an *asset*. . .for a brother, I mean!" Here, she kissed him lightly on the cheek.

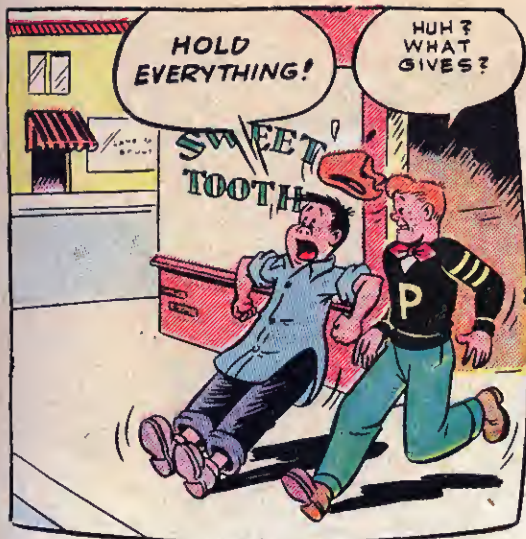
"Well, I'll be darned!" said Eddie March.

Natch and Jackson

"A TALL STORY"

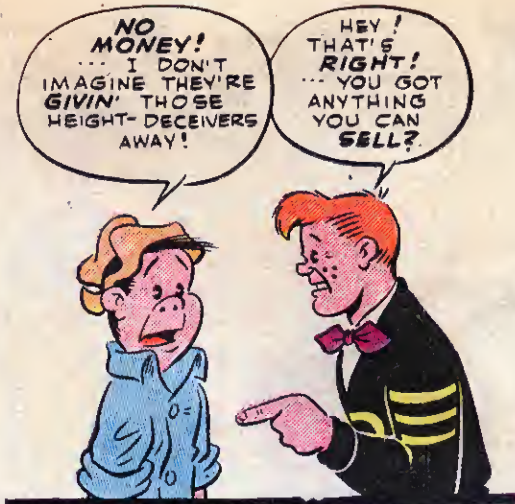






HOLD EVERYTHING!

HUH? WHAT GIVES?



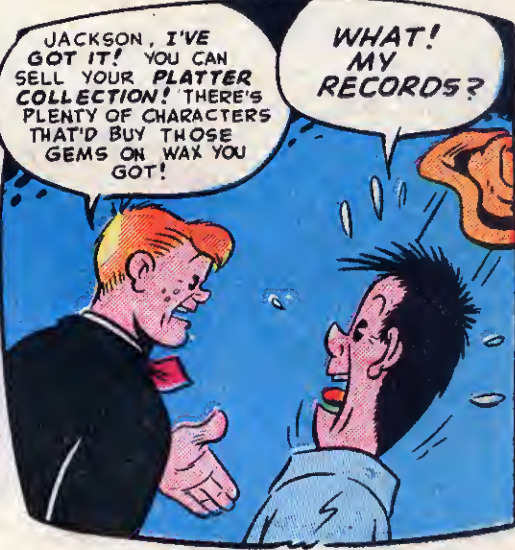
NO MONEY!
... I DON'T
IMAGINE THEY'RE
GIVIN' THOSE
HEIGHT-DECEIVERS
AWAY!

**HEY!
THAT'S
RIGHT!
... YOU GOT
ANYTHING
YOU CAN
SELL?**



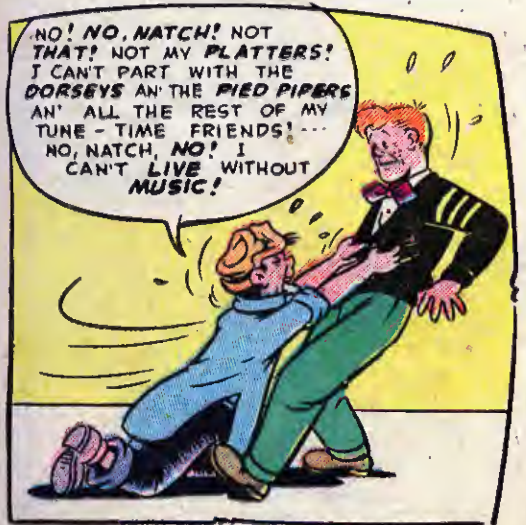
**WELL, I COULD
LET MY WATER
WINGS GO...
I CAN MAKE IT
OUT TO THE RAFT
WITHOUT 'EM NOW
... I THINK!**

**YA BIRD-BRAIN! THEY
WOULDN'T BRING YA
ENOUGH TO BUY A PAIR
OF SHOE STRINGS! ... IT
TAKES PLENTY
OF LOOT TO BUY
A PAIR OF
THOSE HEIGHT-
INCREASERS!**

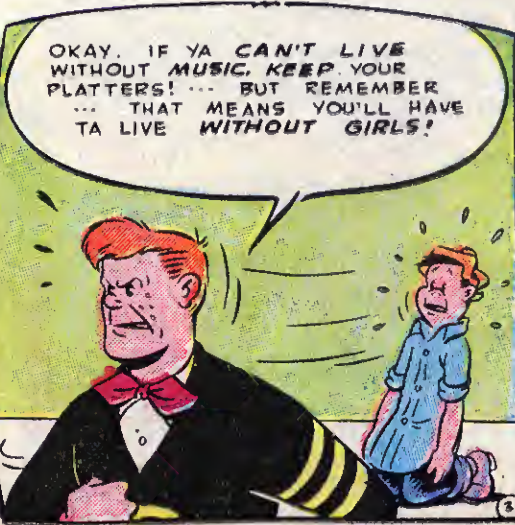


**JACKSON, I'VE
GOT IT! YOU CAN
SELL YOUR PLATTER
COLLECTION! THERE'S
PLENTY OF CHARACTERS
THAT'D BUY THOSE
GEMS ON WAX YOU
GOT!**

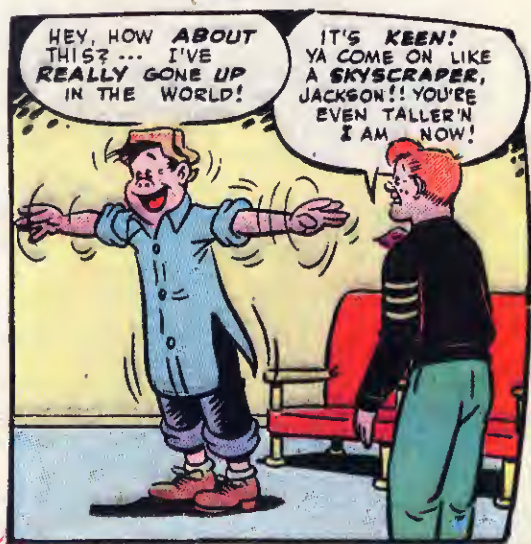
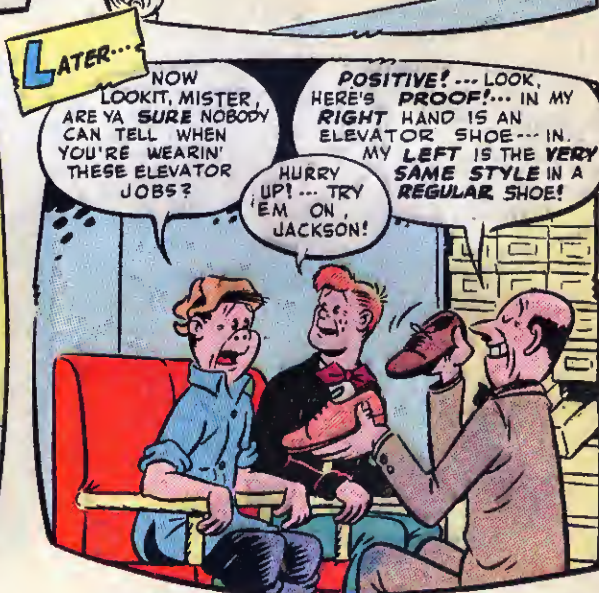
**WHAT!
MY
RECORDS?**



**NO! NO, NATCH! NOT
THAT! NOT MY PLATTERS!
I CAN'T PART WITH THE
DORSEYS AN' THE PIED PIPERS
AN' ALL THE REST OF MY
TUNE - TIME FRIENDS! ...
NO, NATCH, NO! I
CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT
MUSIC!**



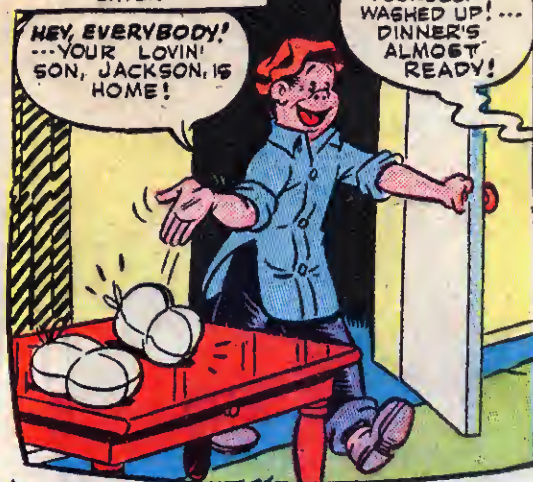
**OKAY. IF YA CAN'T LIVE
WITHOUT MUSIC, KEEP YOUR
PLATTERS! ... BUT REMEMBER
... THAT MEANS YOU'LL HAVE
TA LIVE WITHOUT GIRLS!**



MEANWHILE, AT JACKSON'S HOME...



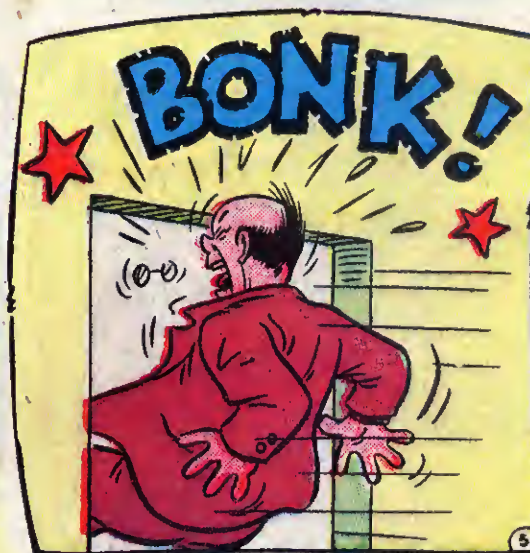
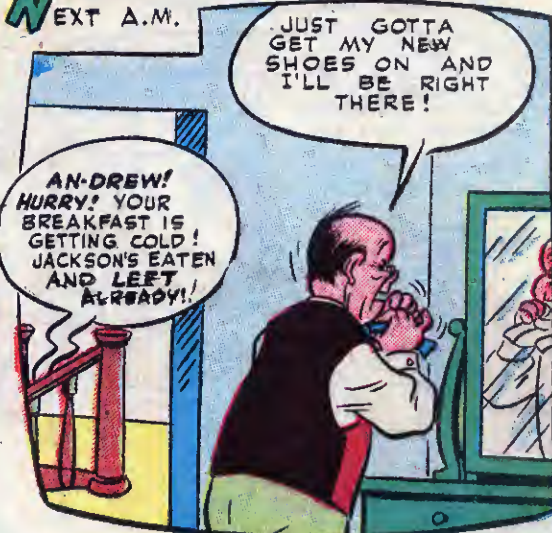
ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER...

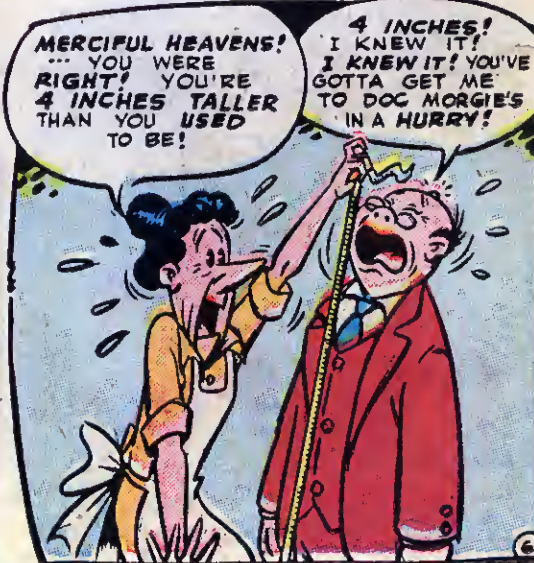
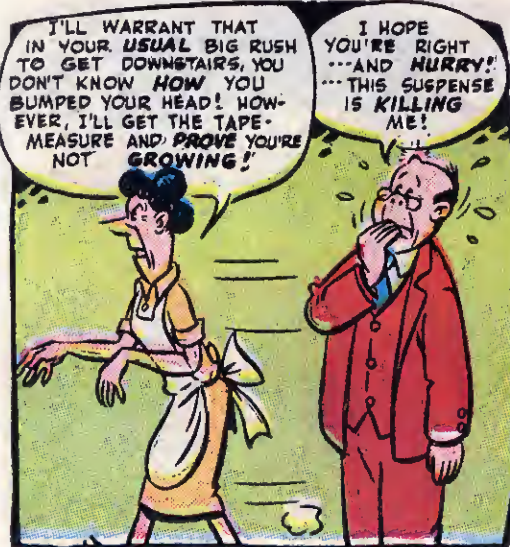
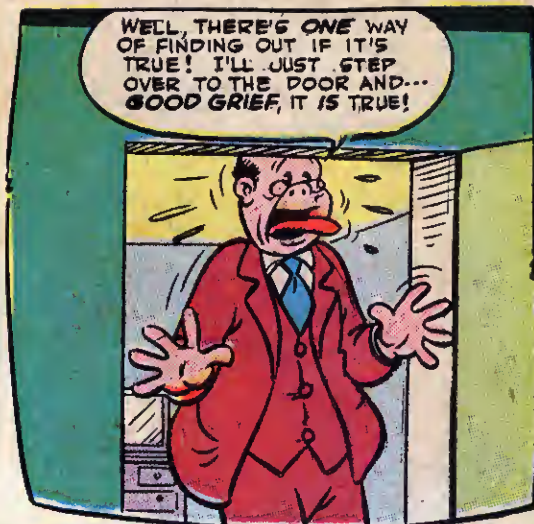
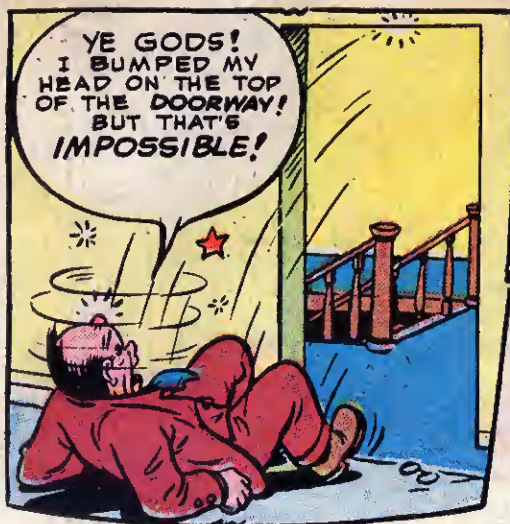


AND THEN, LATER THAT EVENING...



NEXT A.M.





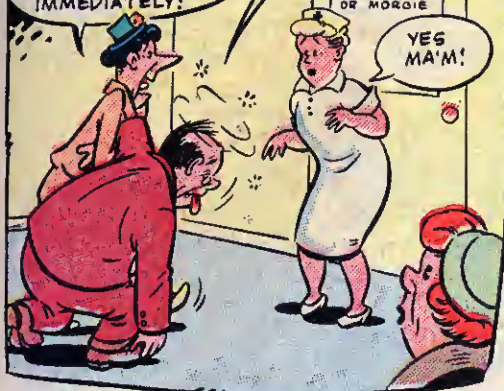
MINUTES LATER...

QUICK, MISS KITTY! IT'S AN EMERGENCY! WE MUST SEE THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY!

SOBE I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO GO AROUND LIKE THIS ALL THE REST OF MY LIFE! SOBE TO KEEP FROM BASHIN' MY HEAD!

DR MORRIS

YES MA'M!



ANDY, I THINK I CAN PUT YOUR MIND AT REST! THIS IS ALL CAUSED BY OVERWORK!

YOU MEAN, THAT'S MADE ME START GROWING?

NO! IT'S MADE YOU THINK YOU'VE STARTED GROWING!



DOGGONE! I TELL YA, DOC. I HAVE STARTED GROWING!

THAT'S RIGHT, DOCTOR... I MEASURED HIM!

HEH-HEH! I'VE PRACTICED MEDICINE 30 YEARS, AND I ASSURE YOU THERE IS NO RECORD OF SUCH RAPID GROWTH PHENOMENON! ... HOWEVER, STEP OVER HERE AND WE'LL CHECK IT!

LEAPIN' APPENDIX OF THE CAECUM! I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW DISEASE! ... YOU'VE GROWN 4 INCHES!



MEANWHILE, LET'S GO BACK TO JACKSON ...

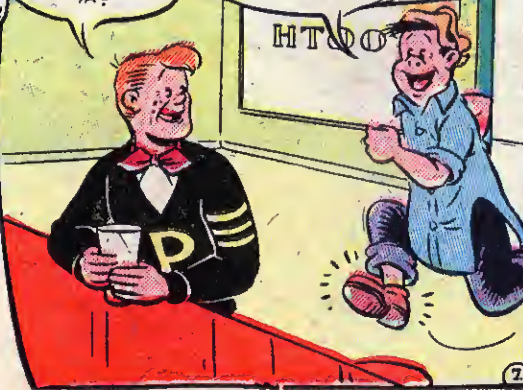
I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE MY FAMILY AN LIVE OUT-DOORS...NO HOUSE WILL HOLD ME!

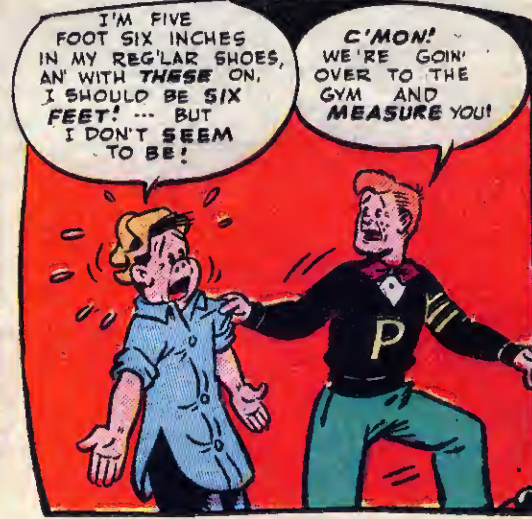
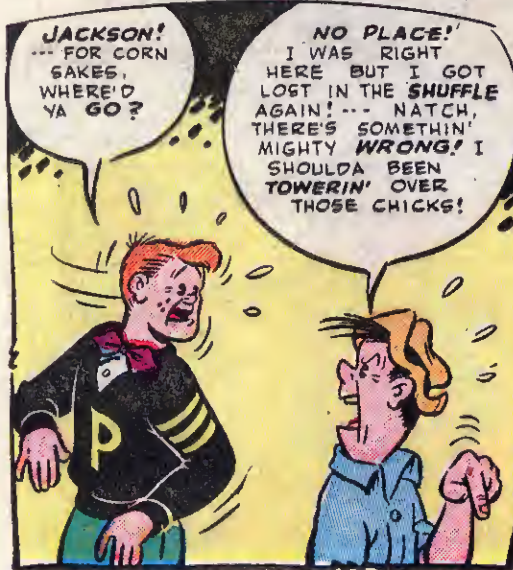
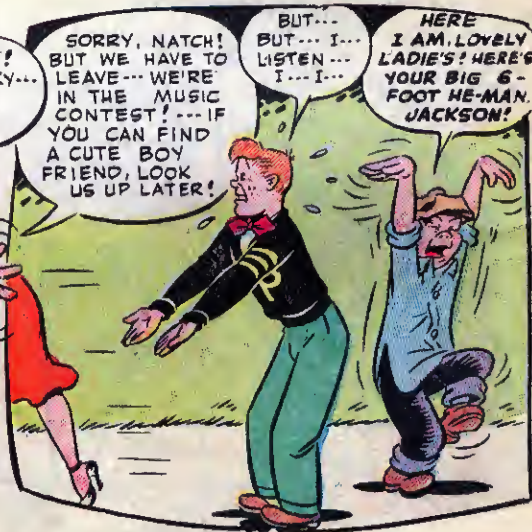
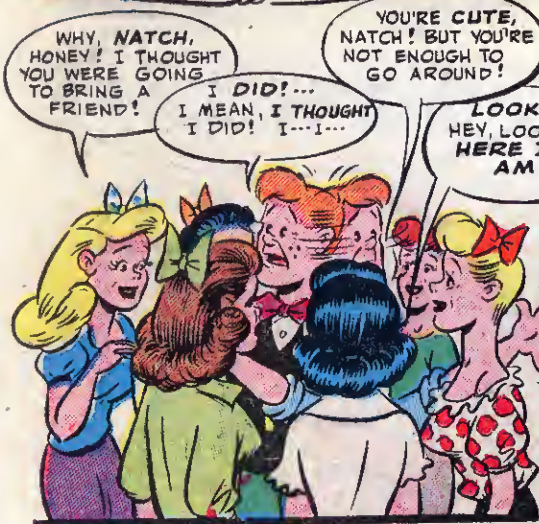
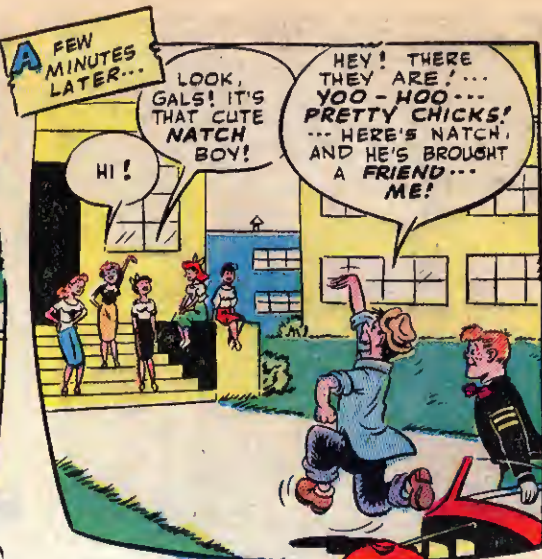
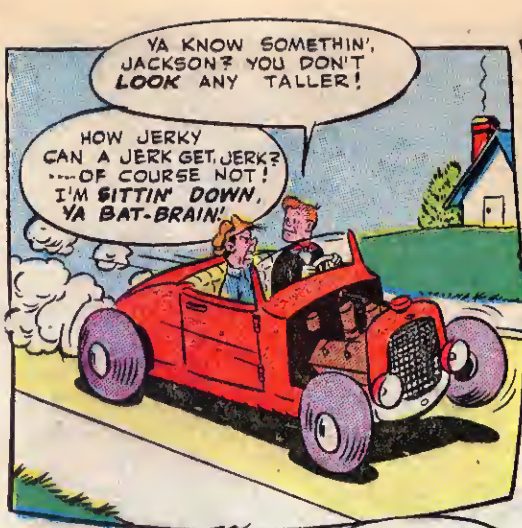
DOCTOR! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR HIM?

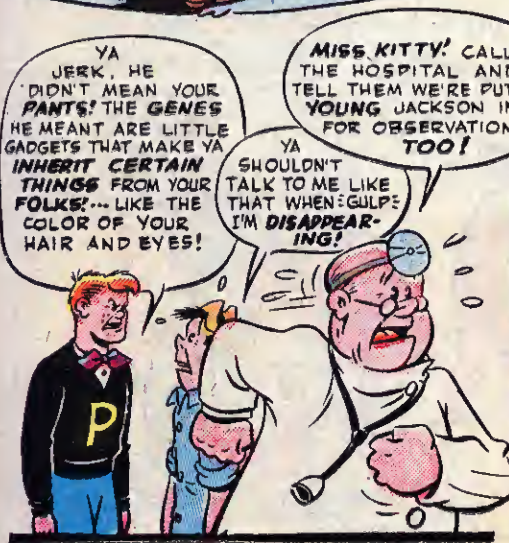
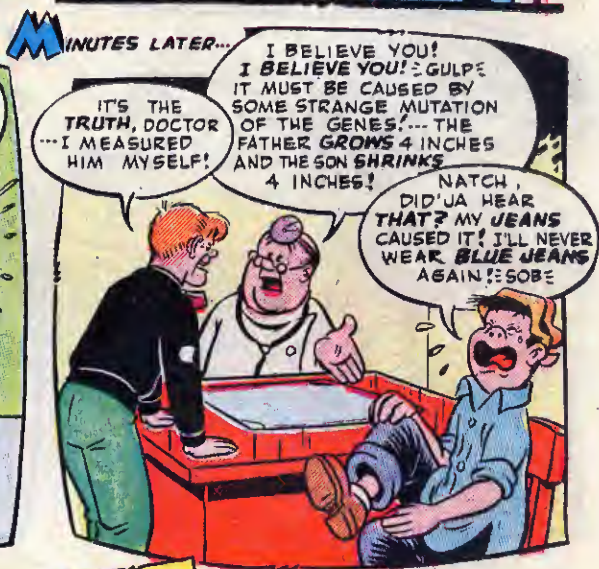
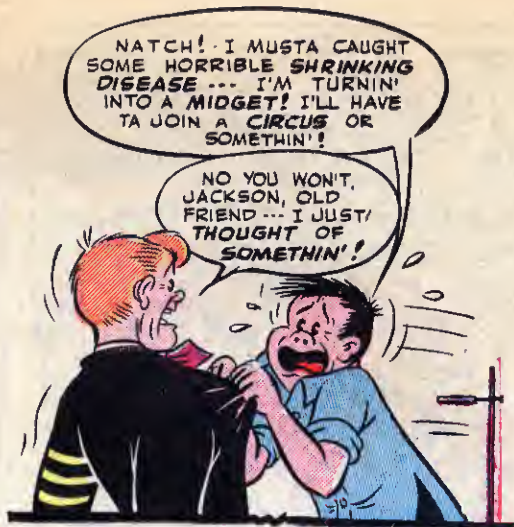
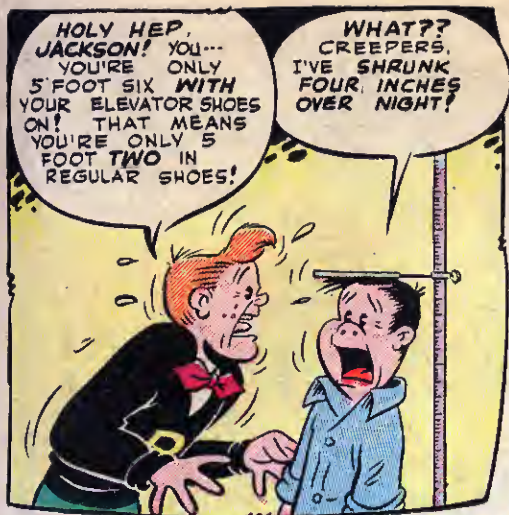
PUT HIM IN THE HOSPITAL FOR OBSERVATION AND GET EVERY SPECIALIST IN THE COUNTRY TO SEE HIM! ... MISS KITTY! GET ME LONG DISTANCE! LET'S SEE, I'LL CALL IT JACKSONUS GROWTHUS!

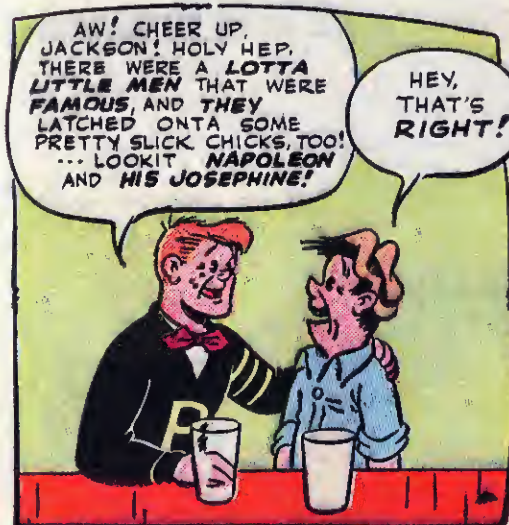
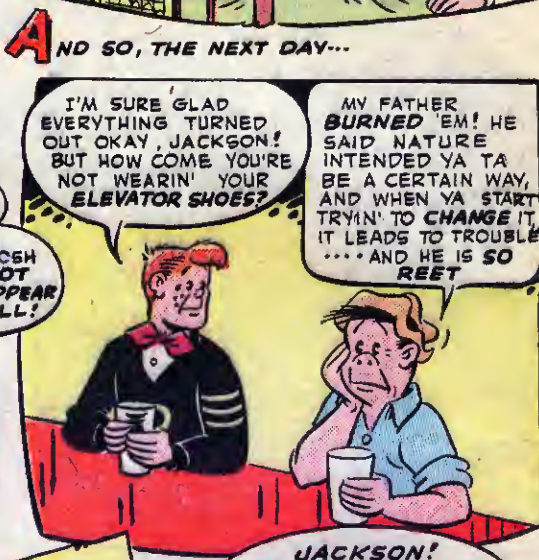
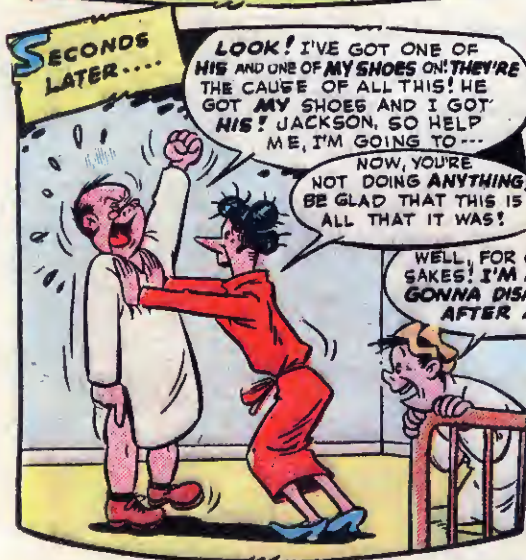
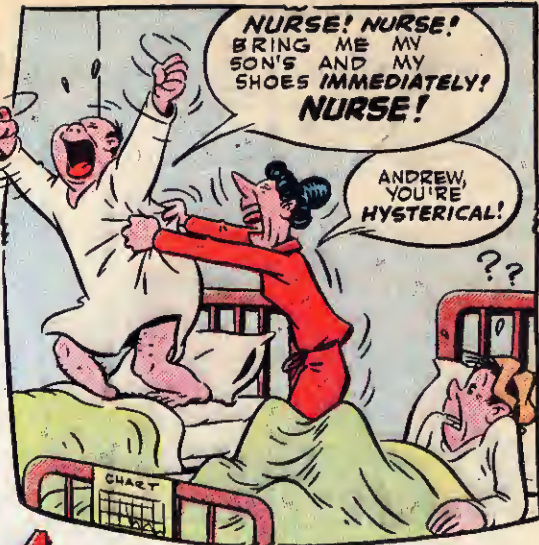
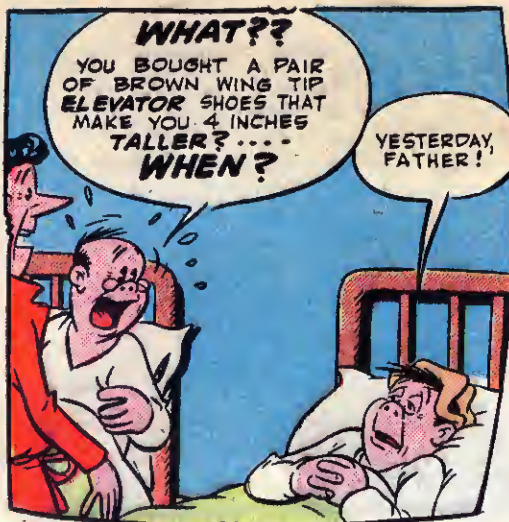
HI, JACKSON! HEY, YOU WORE YOUR NEW ELEVATOR SHOES, DIDN'T YA?

WHAT ELSE?... NOW LET'S GET WITH IT AND GO OVER TO THE AUDITORIUM AN' LOOK UP THOSE CHICKS ... I'M A BIG MAN NOW!

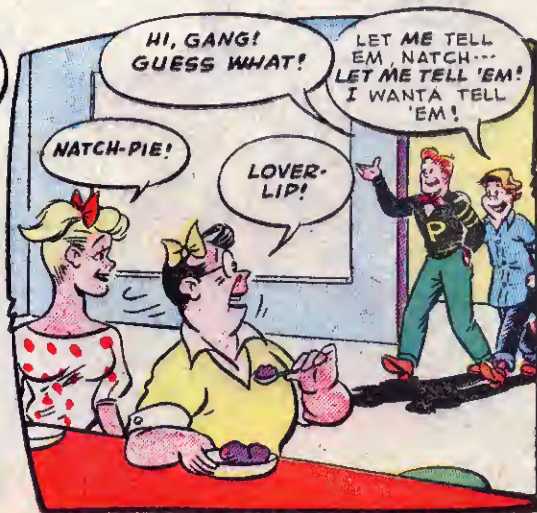
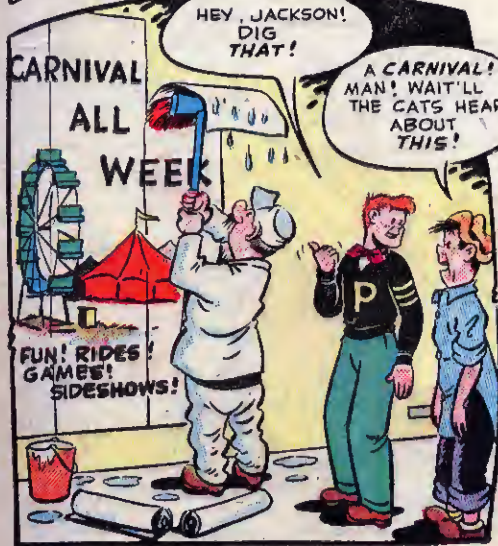
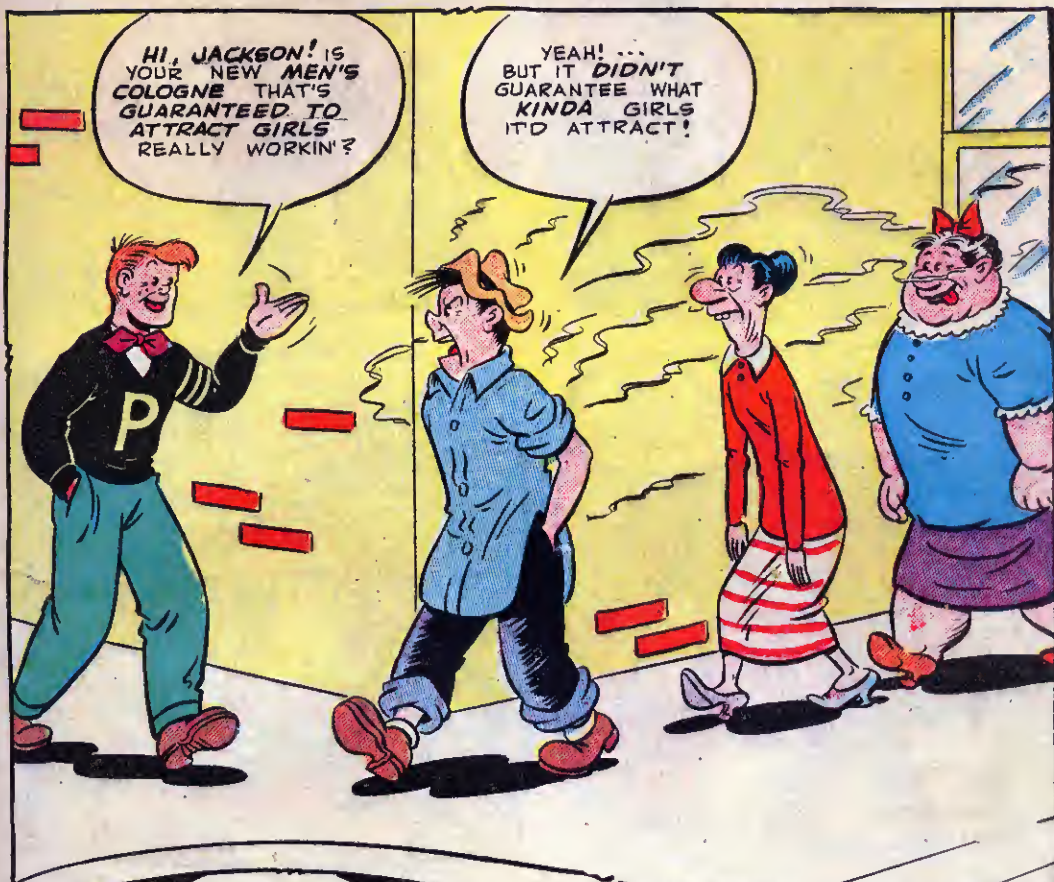


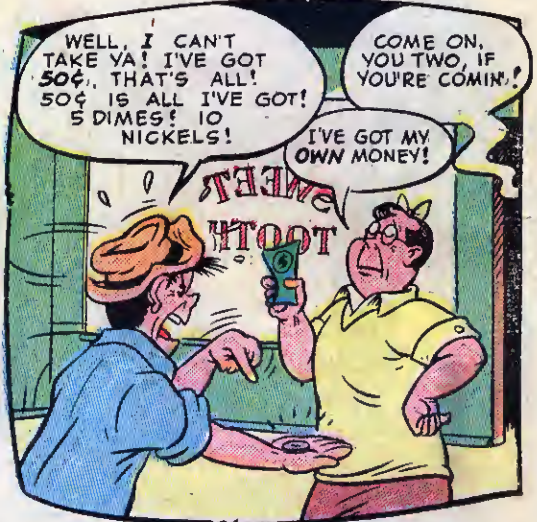
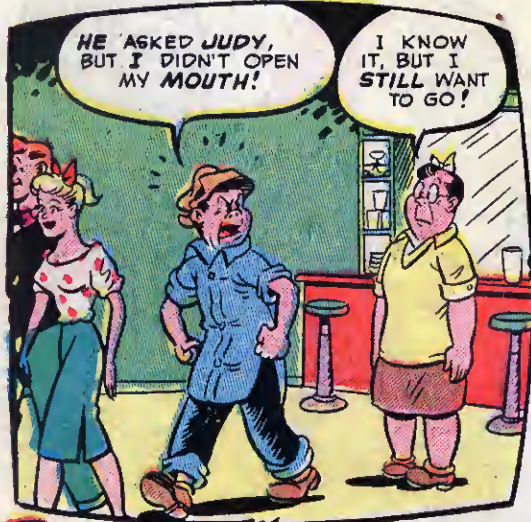
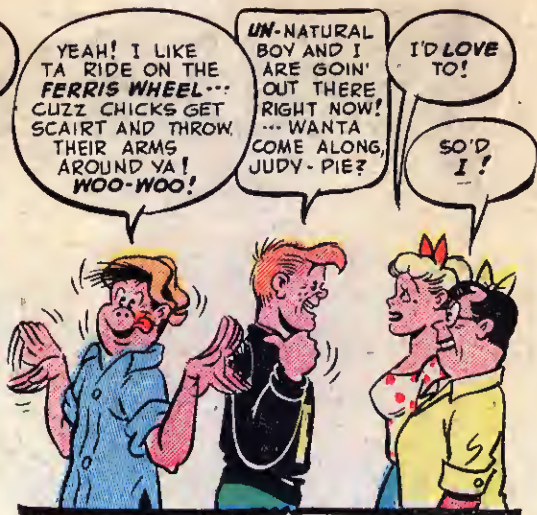
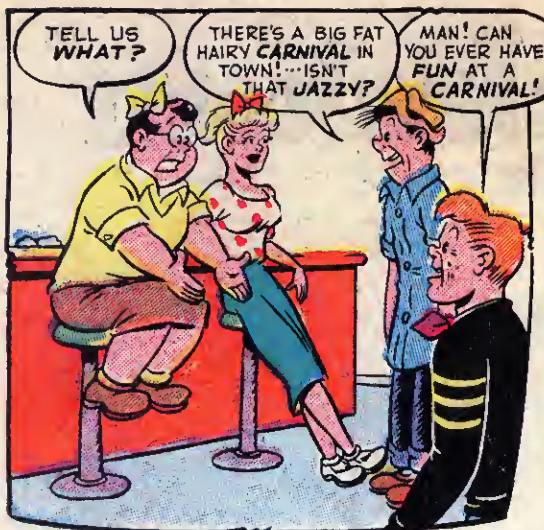




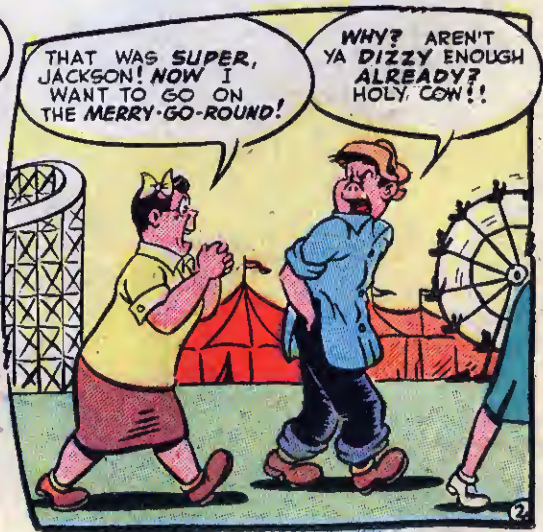
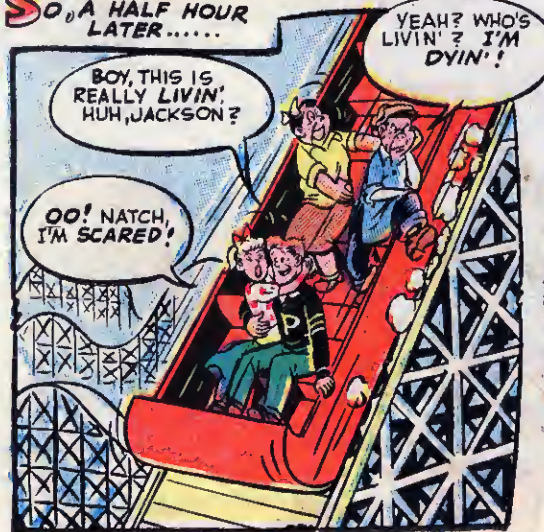


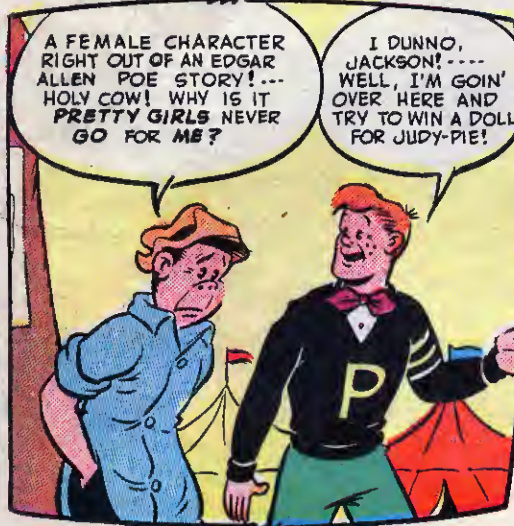
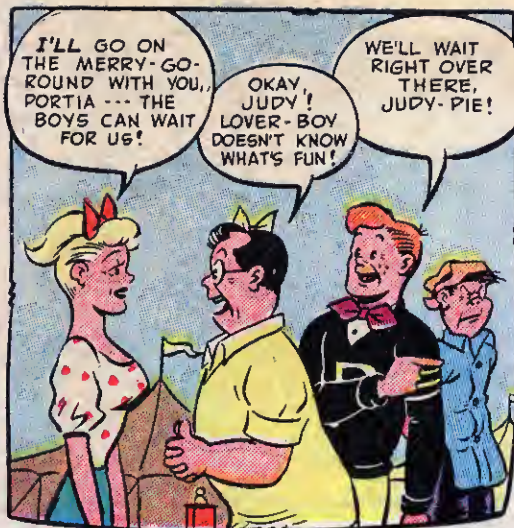
"Solid Jackson" in "GYPSY MAGIC"

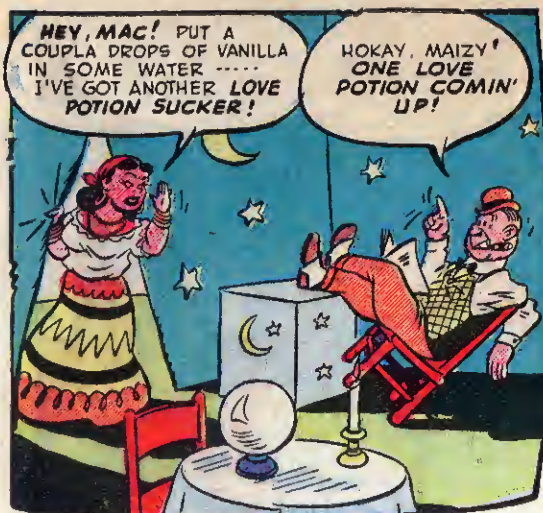




So, A HALF HOUR LATER.....







HEY, MAC! PUT A COUPLA DROPS OF VANILLA IN SOME WATER ----- I'VE GOT ANOTHER LOVE POTION SUCKER!

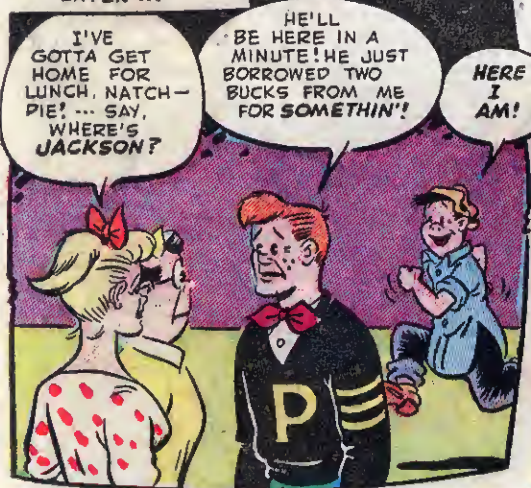
HOKAY, MAIZY! ONE LOVE POTION COMIN' UP!



TWO BUCKS, NATCH! THAT'S ALL! ... I TELL YA, IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AN' DEATH! IT MAY BE THE TURNIN' POINT IN MY YOUNG LIFE ... YA GOTTA LEND ME IT!

OKAY! OKAY! BUT YOU GOTTA GIMME IT BACK AS SOON AS YA GET YOUR ALLOWANCE!

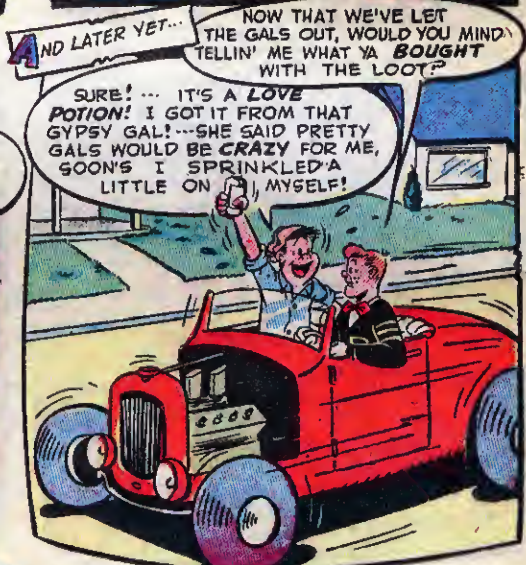
A FEW MINUTES LATER ...



I'VE GOTTA GET HOME FOR LUNCH, NATCH-PIE! ... SAY, WHERE'S JACKSON?

HE'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE! HE JUST BORROWED TWO BUCKS FROM ME FOR SOMETHIN'!

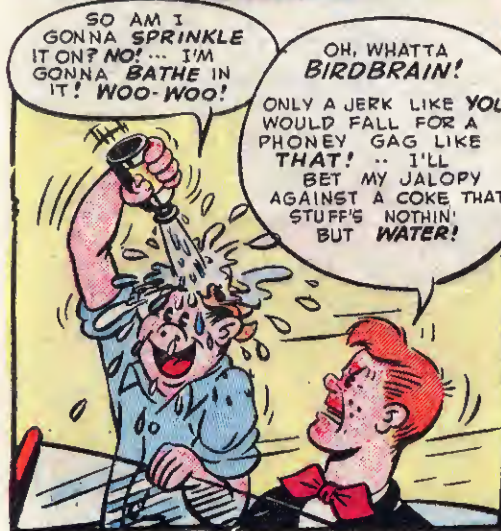
HERE I AM!



AND LATER YET... NOW THAT WE'VE LET THE GALS OUT, WOULD YOU MIND TELLIN' ME WHAT YA BOUGHT WITH THE LOOT?

SURE! ... IT'S A LOVE POTION! I GOT IT FROM THAT GYPSY GAL! ... SHE SAID PRETTY GALS WOULD BE CRAZY FOR ME, SOON'S I SPRINKLED A LITTLE ON MYSELF!

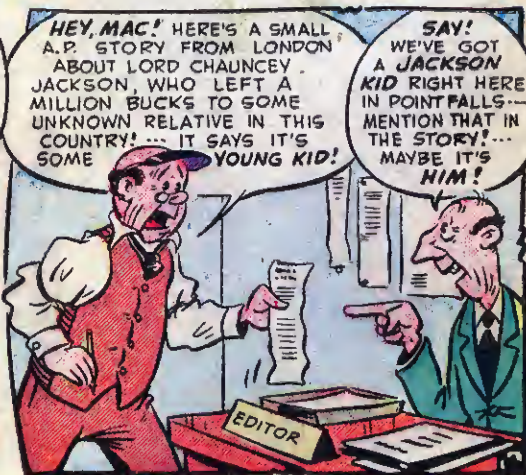
MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICES OF THE POINTFALLS NEWS...



SO AM I GONNA SPRINKLE IT ON? NO! ... I'M GONNA BATHE IN IT! WOO-WOO!

OH, WHATTA BIRDBRAIN!

ONLY A JERK LIKE YOU WOULD FALL FOR A PHONEY GAG LIKE THAT! ... I'LL BET MY JALOPY AGAINST A COKE THAT STUFF'S NOTHIN' BUT WATER!

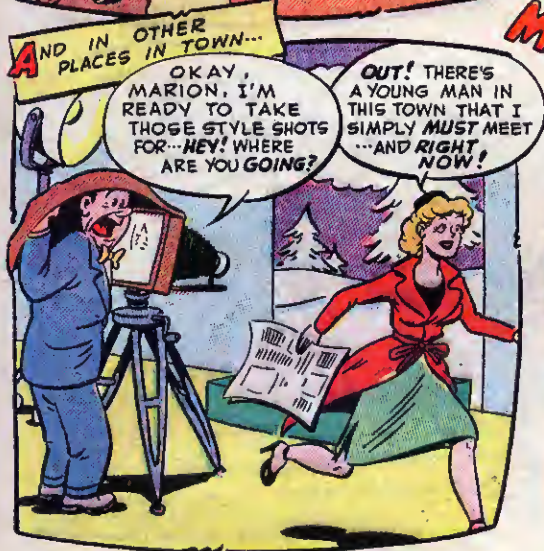


HEY, MAC! HERE'S A SMALL A.P. STORY FROM LONDON ABOUT LORD CHAUNCEY JACKSON, WHO LEFT A MILLION BUCKS TO SOME UNKNOWN RELATIVE IN THIS COUNTRY! ... IT SAYS IT'S SOME YOUNG KID!

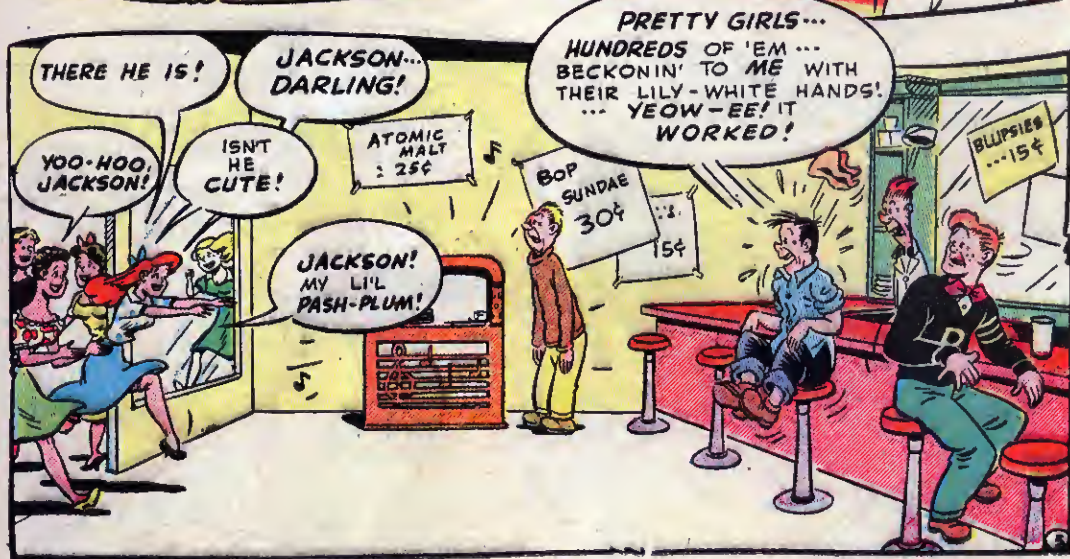
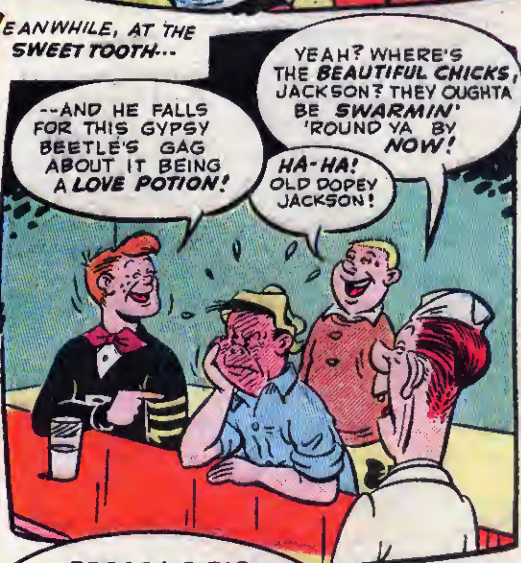
SAY! WE'VE GOT A JACKSON KID RIGHT HERE IN POINTFALLS! MENTION THAT IN THE STORY! ... MAYBE IT'S HIM!

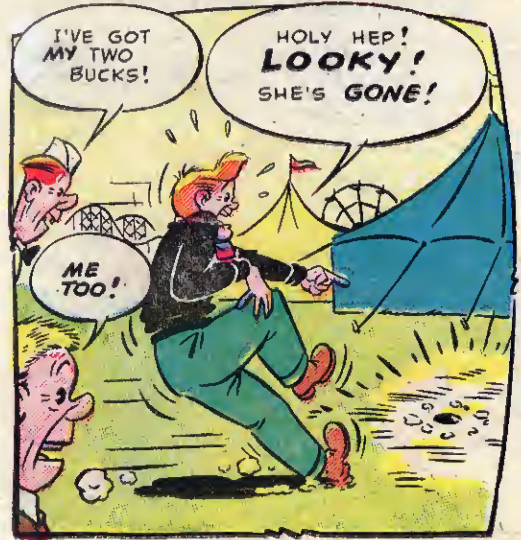
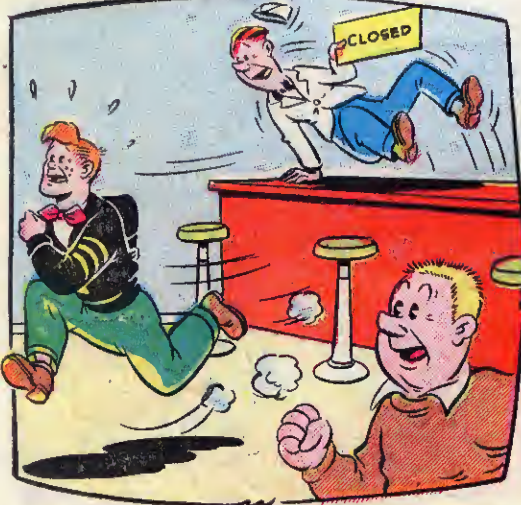
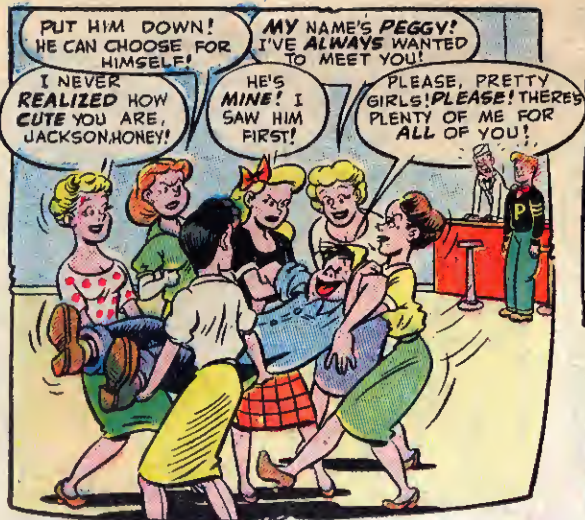


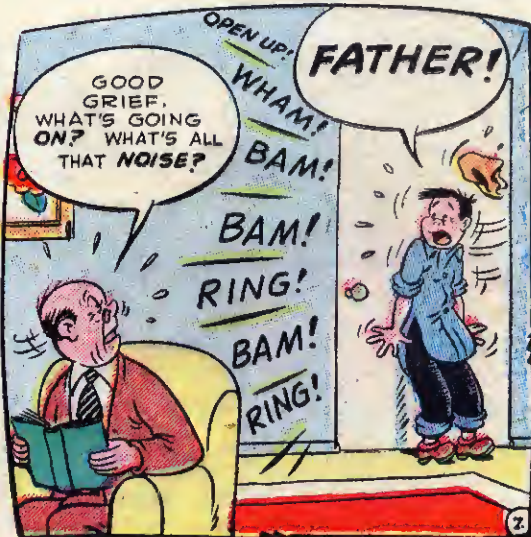
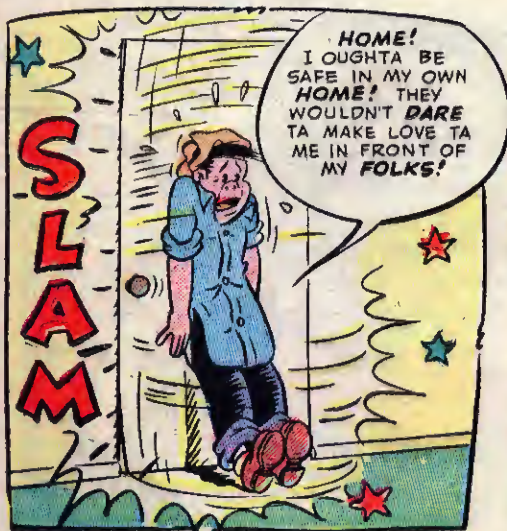
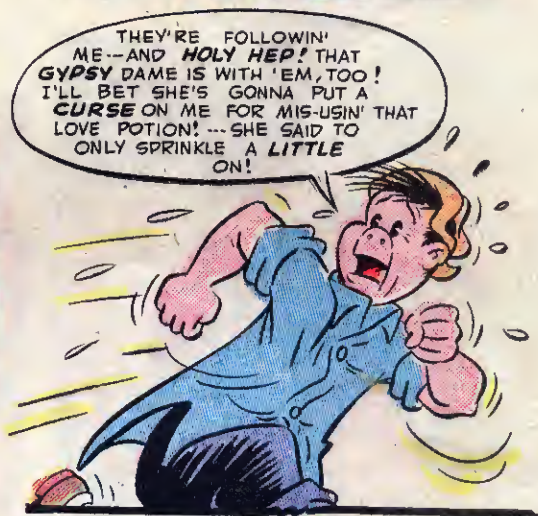
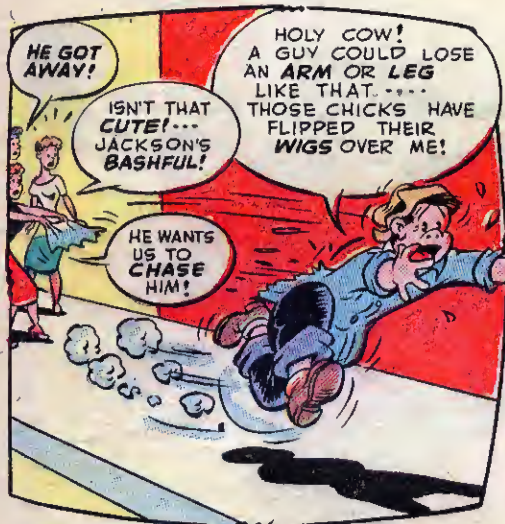
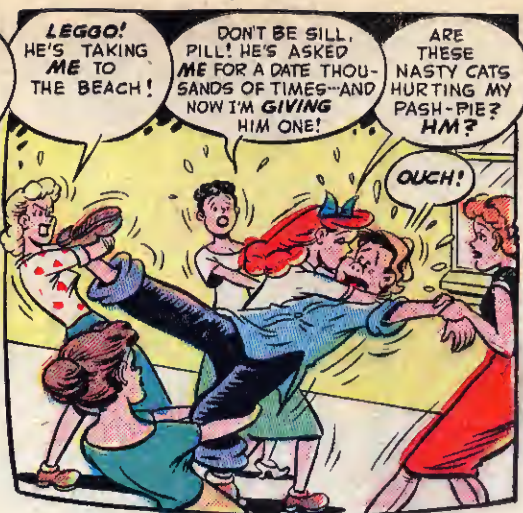
SO...SHORTLY AFTER THE POINTFALLS NOON EDITION COMES OUT...

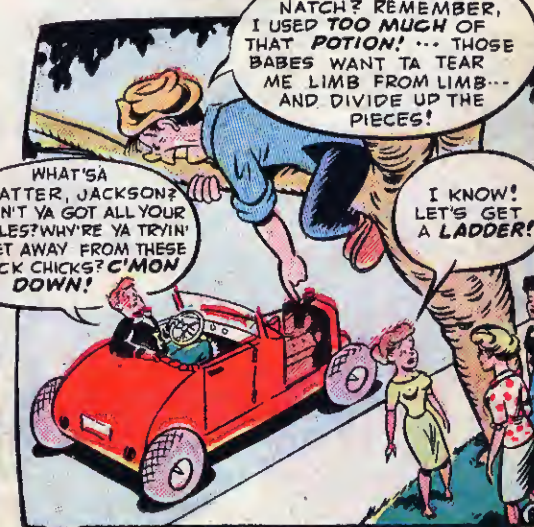
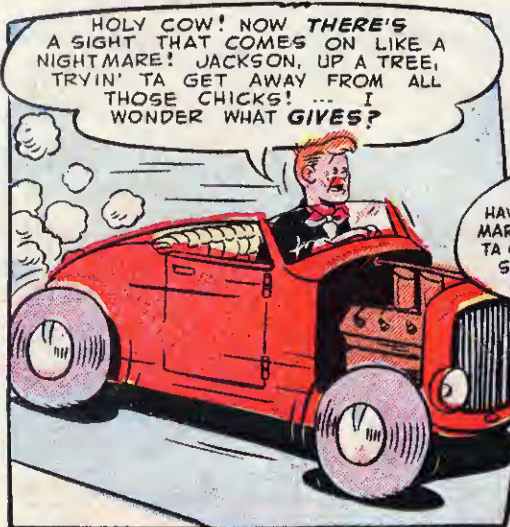
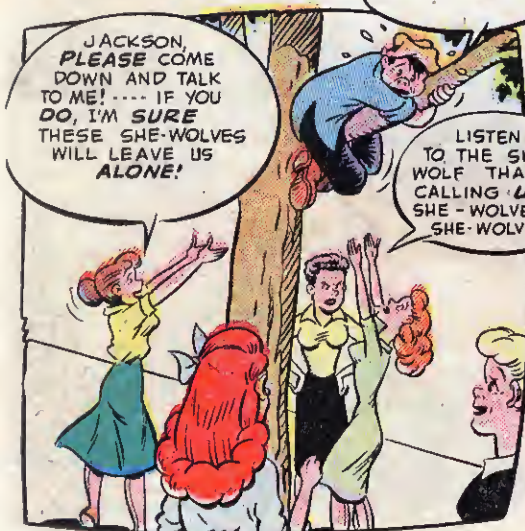
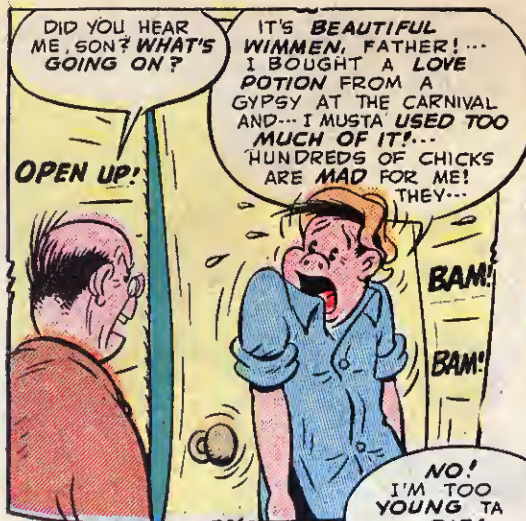


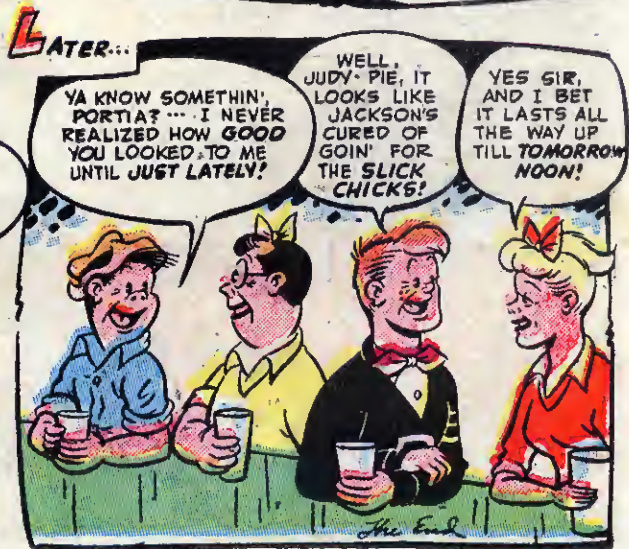
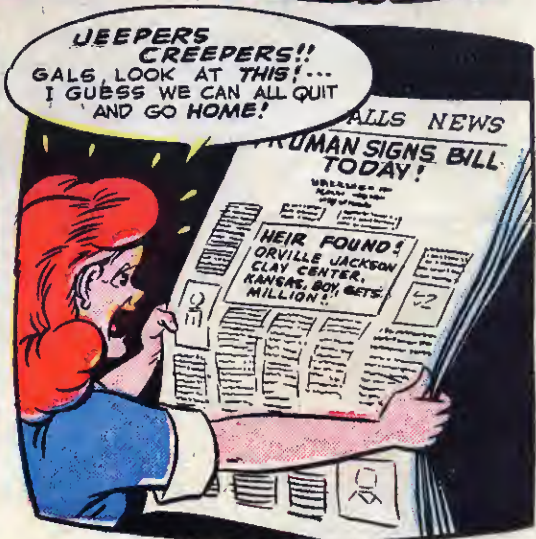
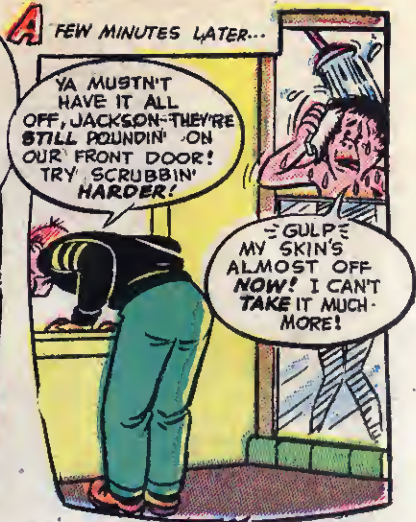
MEANWHILE, AT THE SWEET TOOTH...











Winning CAMPAIGN

Billy Noble was homeward bound from school for the Christmas holidays. The train seemed to be full of people carrying festive-looking parcels, children in their holiday best, and boys and girls of his own age, filled with vacation excitement.

And then, Billy caught his breath. For there, sitting sedately across the aisle from him, was *the* girl! Billy allowed himself a cautious sidelong glance at her. She was blonde, blue-eyed, and looked as though she smiled beautifully. Sitting next to her, just as sedately, was an older woman, prim and rather stern-looking.

Billy could tell at once that any self-introduction would not be accepted. But he wanted so much to meet this pretty girl, to talk to her! How? That was the question.

Suddenly, he caught the old lady's eye. She seemed to be searching for someone to help her, and in a flash, Billy realized that he could break the ice. It was simple. All he had to do was, well . . . lean over and say, "Can I help you?"

The old lady smiled gratefully. "Could you?" she asked helplessly. "I never *can* open these windows!"

Saying, "Pardon me" to the girl of his dreams, Billy edged past her, flexed his muscles, and sent the window up, without trying too hard. The girl said nothing. The old lady said, "Thank you," quite warmly.

"At least it's a beginning," Billy thought, settling back in his own seat again.

It was a keen beginning. The old lady acted as though she'd really found a friend in Billy, and Billy was happy to come through. He brought her a paper cupful of water without spill-

ing a drop, and tilted her chair back, so that she could take a short nap in comfort. When she awoke, he summoned the porter, so she could find out exactly what time the train would get to Hammonton.

Hammonton! That was Billy's stop, too! And all this time, he had not exchanged *one* word with the cute little blonde. Not one!

When the trainman came through, calling "Hammonton!", Billy rose gallantly and hoisted the luggage off the racks. "Yours?" he asked the old lady, who thanked him energetically. "Yours?" he asked the dream-girl. She nodded politely.

Juggling three suitcases, Billy got them all safely to the station, where the old lady thanked him once more, shook his hand warmly, and told him it was a shame there weren't more young men like him about. She then turned to leave.

"But . . . but aren't *you* going with her?" Billy asked the cute blue-eyed girl, his curiosity getting the better of him.

She spoke to him for the first time, in a soft, sweet voice. "Oh, we're not together!" she said.

Billy's face fell. His campaign . . . wasted! His battle . . . fought in vain! She was going out of his life. But . . . but she was speaking to him!

"I think you were *sweet* to that old lady," she was saying. "You were gentlemanly! My name's Susan Darrow. I live on Prince Street."

"I'm Billy Noble," Billy said. "May I come to call?"

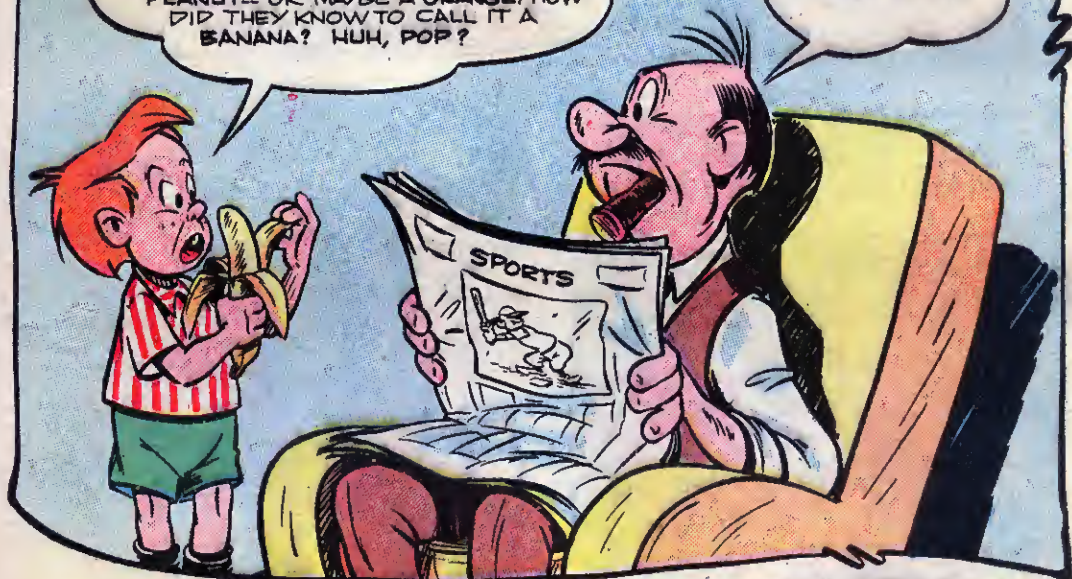
Susan smiled and Billy went straight up to a pink cloud that wasn't even there. His campaign had been a winning one, after all!

POP KNOWS

-- OR DOES HE ?

HEY, POP! HOW DID THEY KNOW WHEN THEY FIRST DISCOVERED THE BANANA THAT IT WAS A BANANA? HOW DID THEY KNOW THAT MAYBE IT WASN'T A PEANUT... OR MAYBE A ORANGE! HOW DID THEY KNOW TO CALL IT A BANANA? HUH, POP?

A BANANA?
LET'S SEE...
ER-- AH--



STOP BOTHERIN' ME!
WHY DO YOU THINK UP
SUCH SILLY QUESTIONS?
HOW DO I KNOW
WHY THEY CALL A
BANANA A
BANANA?

BAW!
MY POP
IS A DUMBBELL!
HE DON'T
KNOW FROM
NOTHIN'!

AWRIGHT, STOP YOUR
BAWLING AND I'LL TELL
YOU!! --THEN GO AWAY
AND LET ME READ!

GOODY-
GOODY!!



BANANAS WERE FIRST DISCOVERED GROWING IN THE INDIES ON THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO...

ARCHIE WHO?

ARCHIE PELAGO!! THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE EAST INDIAN WHO DISCOVERED THE FIRST BANANA!

BUT HOW DID HE KNOW IT WAS A BANANA WHAT HE DISCOVER?

BECAUSE IT LOOKED MORE LIKE A BANANA THAN ANYTHING ELSE!

AN' IF YA DON'T KEEP QUIET, I WON'T TELL YOU THE STORY!

BAW!! I WANNA HEAR ABOUT THE INDIAN AN' THE BANANA!

ME EAT?...NO! MAYBE POISON! ME TAKE NO CHANCE! ME LET FRIEND EAT FIRST!

ME WONDER WHAT IS STRANGE THING?

ME NO SCHMOE!

"...ALL RIGHT, SO ARCHIE WAS THE GUY THAT FIRST DISCOVERED THE STRANGE GROWTH! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS!"

"ARCHIE WAS PUZZLED ABOUT HIS STRANGE DISCOVERY..."

"...SO HE TOOK THE STRANGE THING
TO HIS FRIENDS!"

ME FIND FUNNY
THING! NO KNOW
WHAT IS!

?

?

?

ME FIND
ON TREE! WHAT
IT IS?

?

IS LOOK LIKE
SOMEBODY BIG
TOE!

IS
MAYBE
STREAMLINE
COCONUT?

YOU EAT!
SEE IF IS
NO POISON!

?

?

?

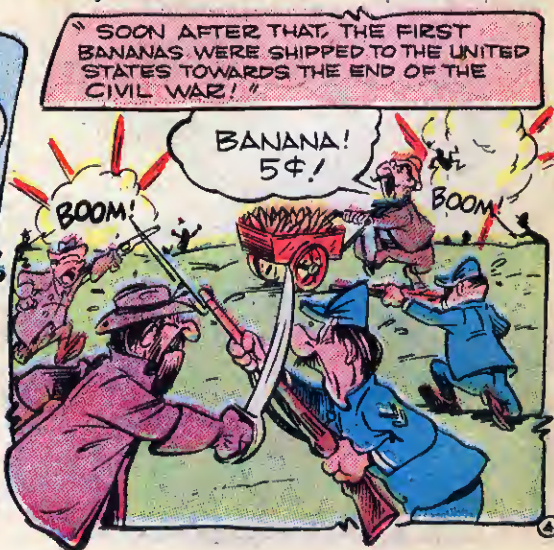
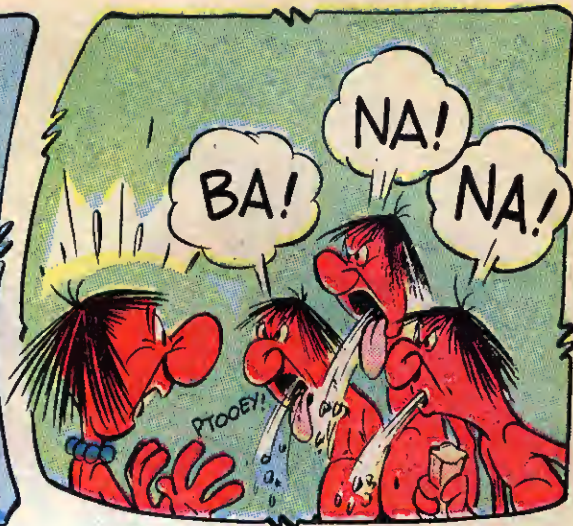
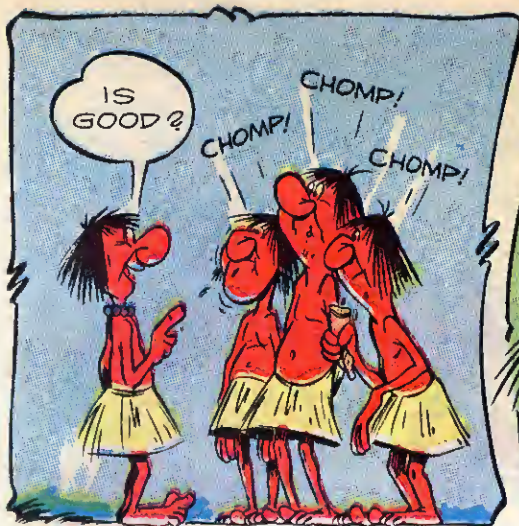
ME
TRY
NEXT!

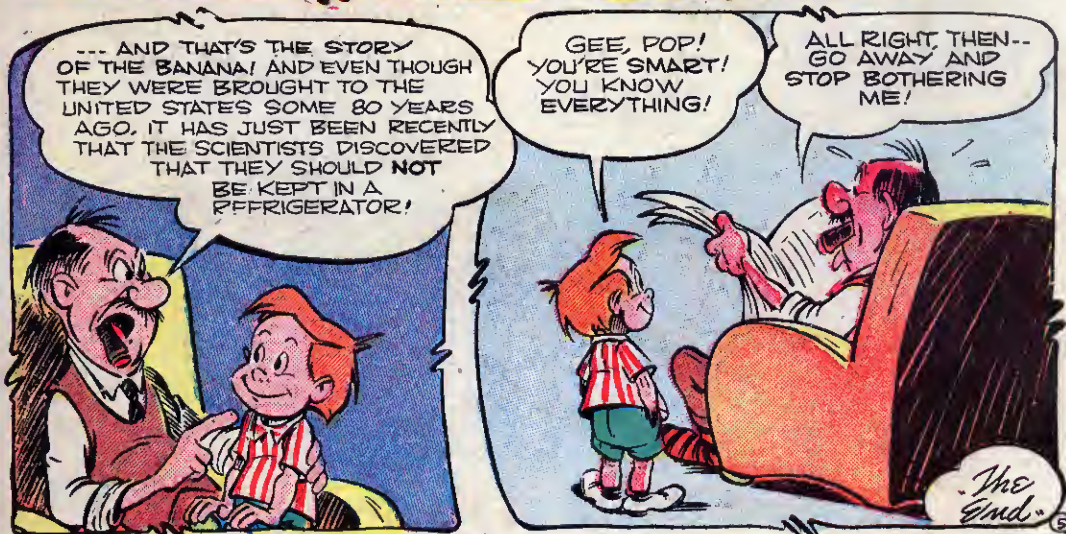
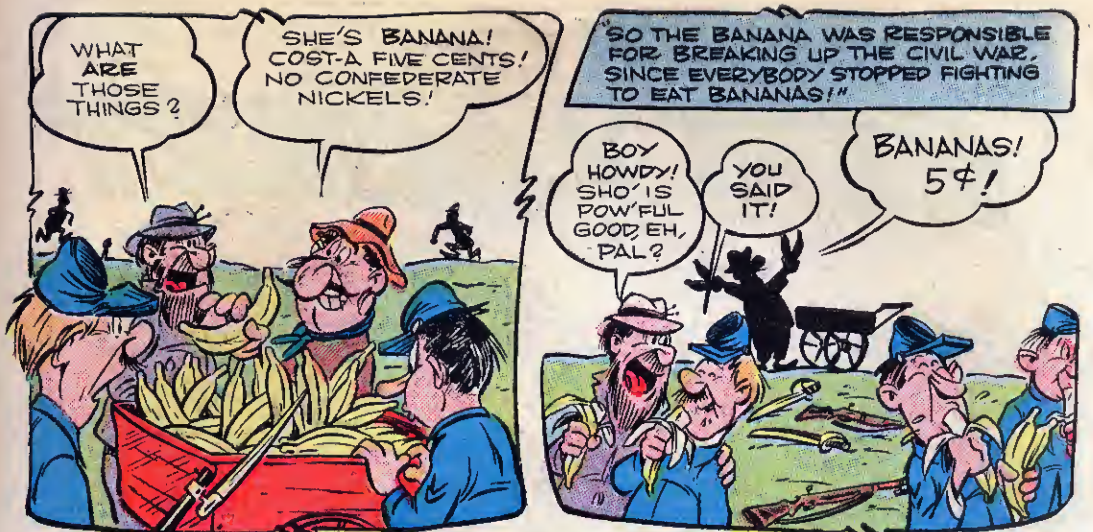
CHOMP!
CHOMP!

?

CHOMP!
CHOMP!

CHOMP!
CHOMP!





NEAT 'N' SWEET

Binnie made sure that her lipstick was on just right. Then, she ran a tiny brush over her eyebrows. Finally, she examined her hair-do, making sure that her front bangs were even. "I'm going out, mother!" she yelled, and walked out the front door, as neat and pretty a teen-ager as any in the world.

Behind her, however, her room was a mess. Clothes trailed over chair-backs. Powder lay in a film on the dressing table. Her bed was unmade.

"It's no use! I give up!" Binnie's mother surveyed the mess in despair. "I've tried everything . . . pleading, explaining, asking for cooperation! Binnie promises, but she doesn't keep her word!"

Mother was thoughtful as she started to straighten the room, for perhaps the fifth time that day. "There must be some way to show Binnie that she ought to do her part . . . and I think I know how!"

Binnie, happily unaware of her mother's thoughts, was having a grand time at the rink. The whole gang was there, pink-cheeked and clear-eyed in the brisk air. "This sure makes you hungry!" Tommy said, as he helped Binnie off with her skates.

"That gives me a swell idea," Binnie

answered. "Hey, kids, how about raiding my kitchen for hot chocolate and snacks?"

Laughing and anticipating their hot chocolate, the gang poured into Binnie's house . . . and stood stock-still. Binnie could feel her cheeks getting redder and redder, as she saw the havoc. The living room was a mess! So was the kitchen, with soiled dishes in the sink, breadcrumbs on the table and not a clean cup and saucer in the cupboard!

"Looks . . . like . . . mother was in a hurry!" she faltered.

Fortunately, Tommy came to the rescue. "Let's all straighten up an' surprise Binnie's mother!" he suggested.

The hot chocolate and snacks were wonderful. The gang really enjoyed them, as well as the house-cleaning that followed. As for Binnie, she had plenty to think about when they'd all gone. This was the first time mother had not cleaned up after her, and the first time Binnie had ever been ashamed of her own house!

"I guess a pretty house is my job, too!" she said thoughtfully, munching on an apple. She could hardly wait for mother to come home, so she could tell her what she had learned that day!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF THE KILBOYS published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1949. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Richard E. Hughes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the KILBOYS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Editor Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd Street, New York, N. Y. Managing editor None. Business manager Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I.

2. That the owner is: B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. B. W. Sagger, 7 West 81st Street,

New York, N. Y. Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

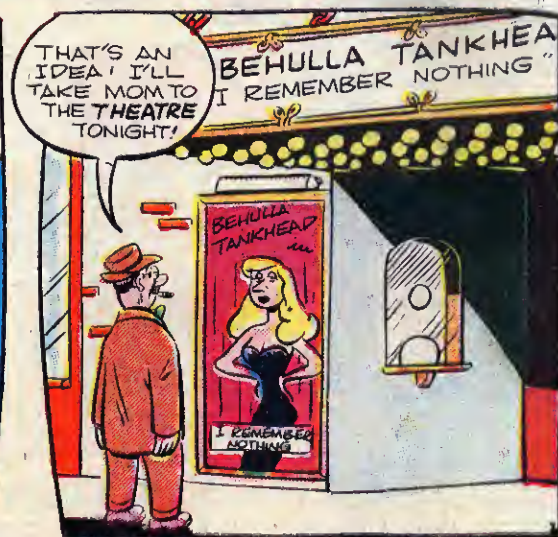
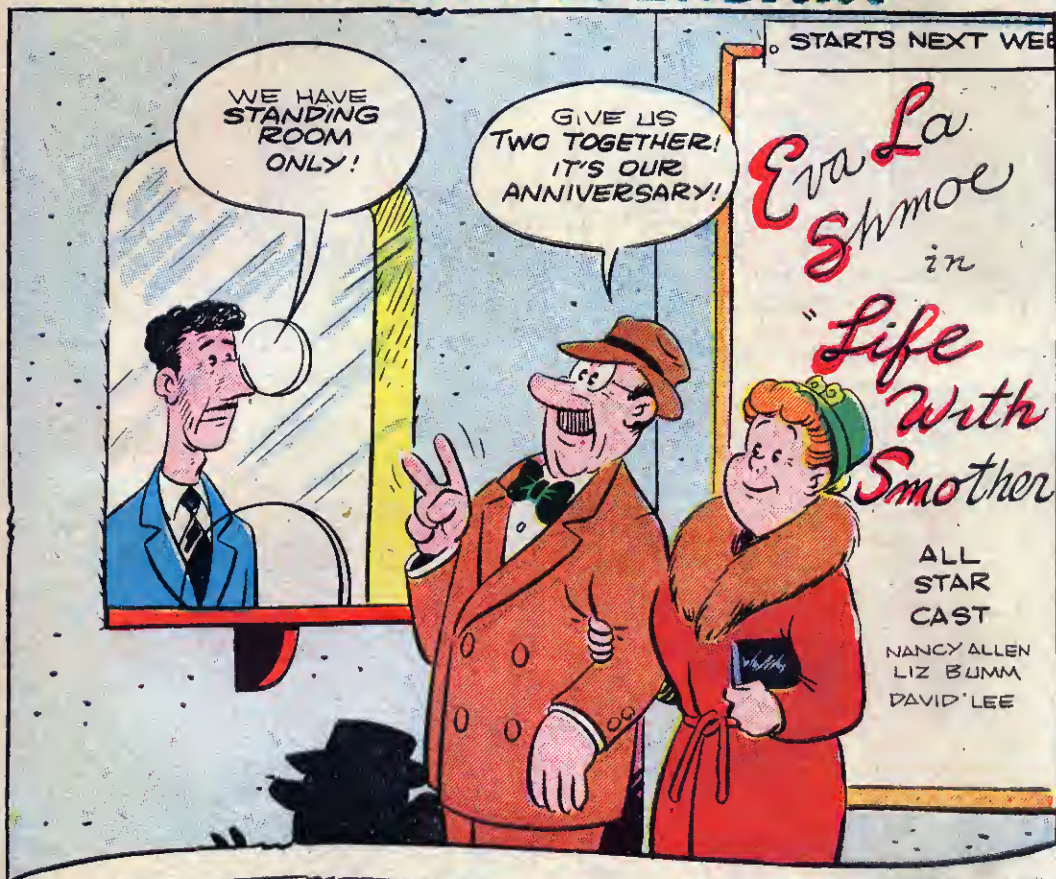
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

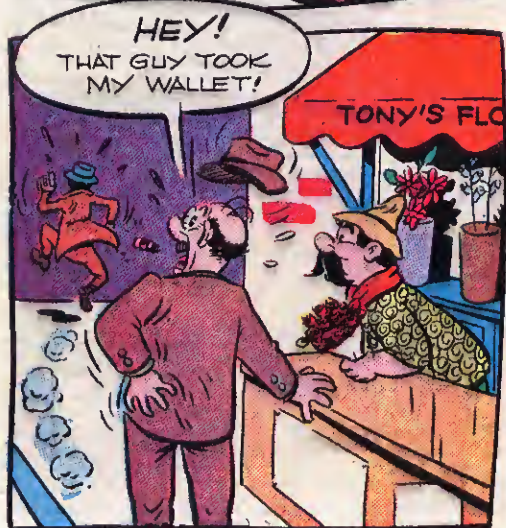
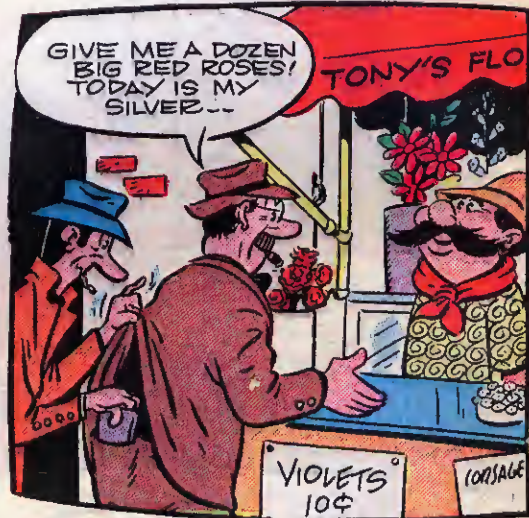
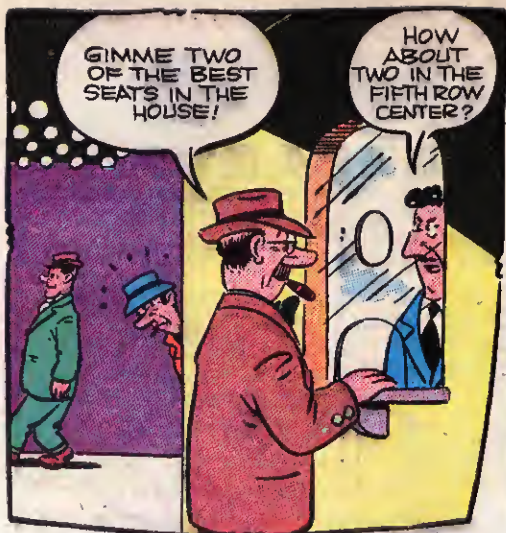
(Signed) Richard E. Hughes, Editor

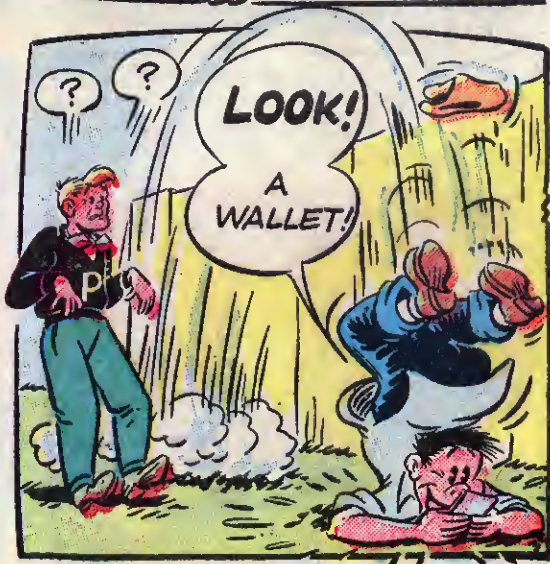
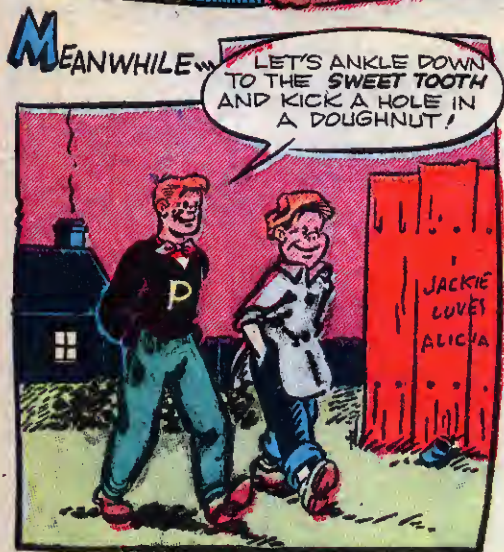
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of Sept., 1949. Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public (My Commission expires March 30, 1951.)

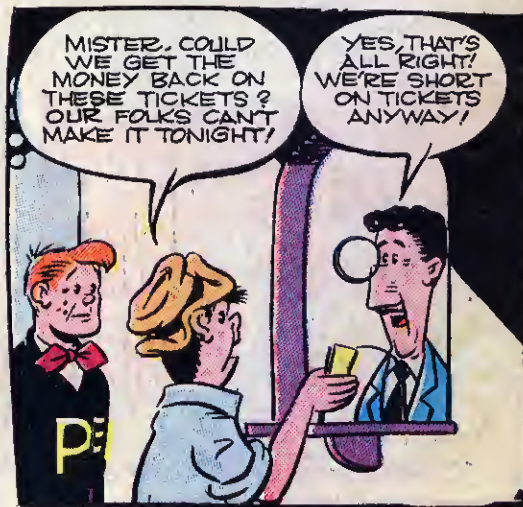
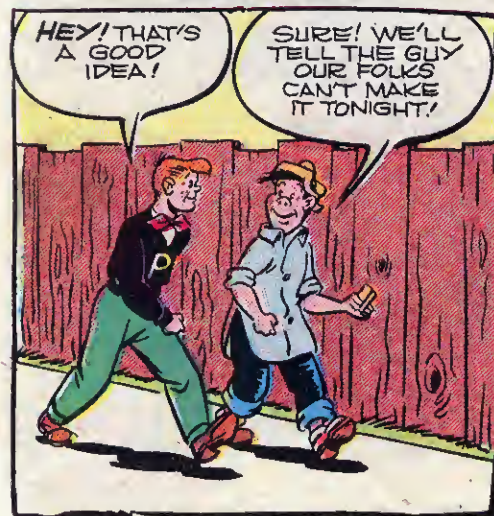
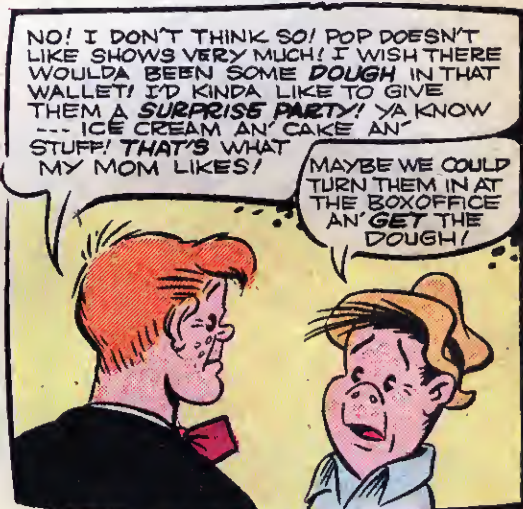
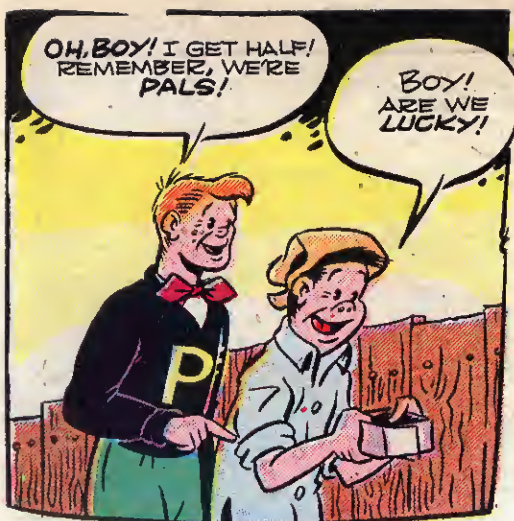
The KILROYS

in "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY"

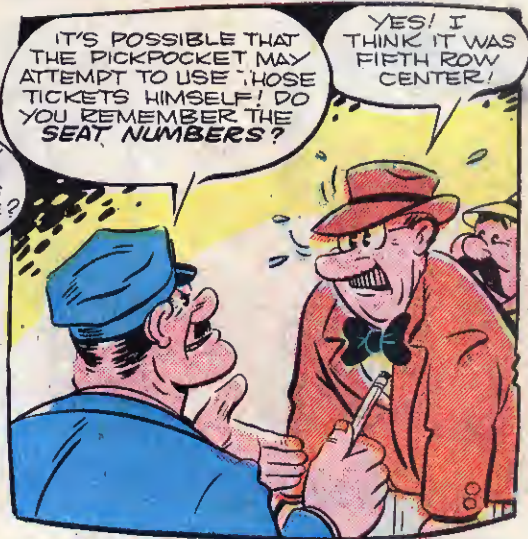
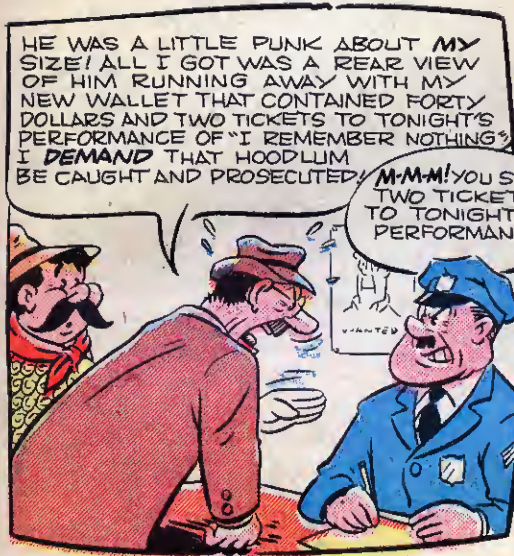
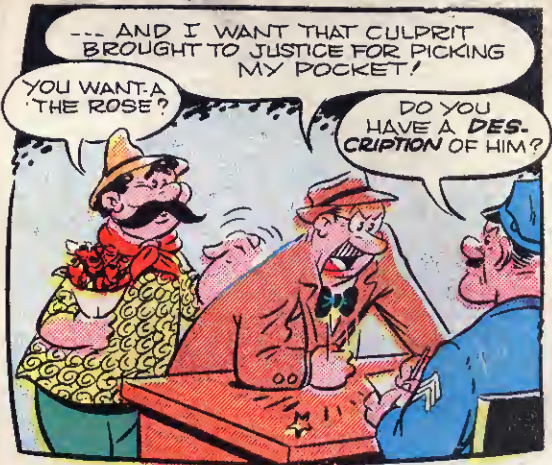








MEANTIME....POP KILROY REPORTS
THE THEFT TO THE POLICE....



WILL YOU STOP FOLLOWIN' ME?
I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY! I WANT THE
ROSES, BUT I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY!
MY POCKET WAS PICKED! NO
MONEY! NO MAZUMA!

I NO SAWY THE
ENGLEESH!



HEY! PRETTY
SOON I'M-A GET
MAD! YOU WANTA
THE ROSE? MAKE
UP A MY MIND!

POOR MOM!
I CAN'T EVEN
TAKE HER OUT
TO CELEBRATE
OUR SILVER
ANNIVERSARY.
(SIGH!)



HELLO, EMMA!
ARE YOU
HOME?



HAPPY ANNIVERSARY,
MY DEAR!

OH,
EDGAR!
YOU
REMEMBERED!

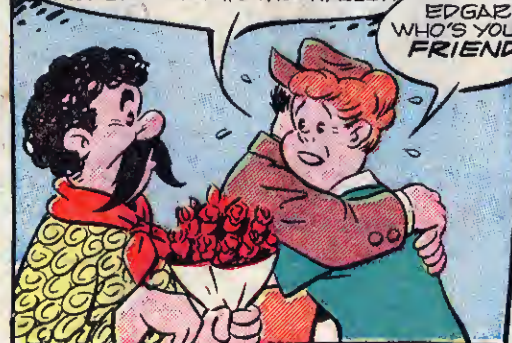


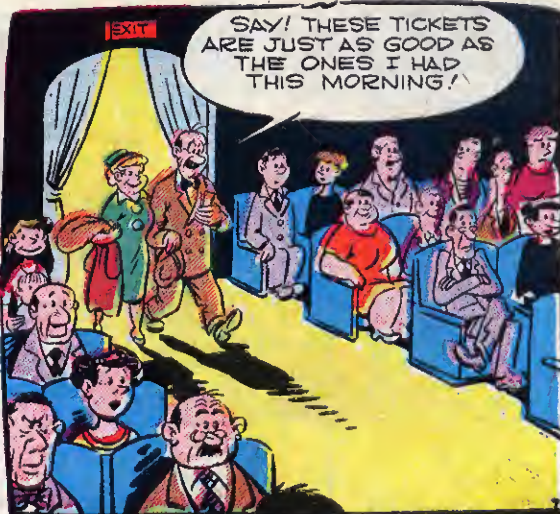
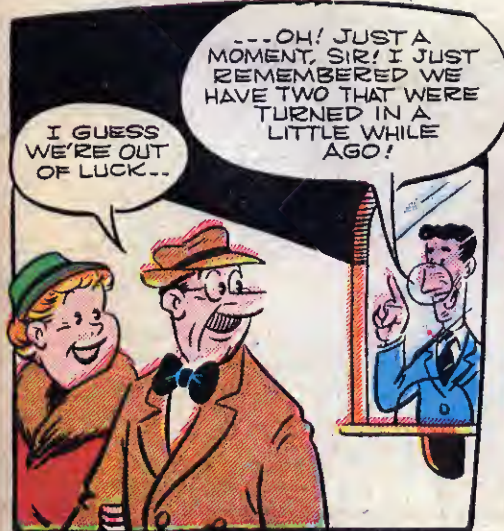
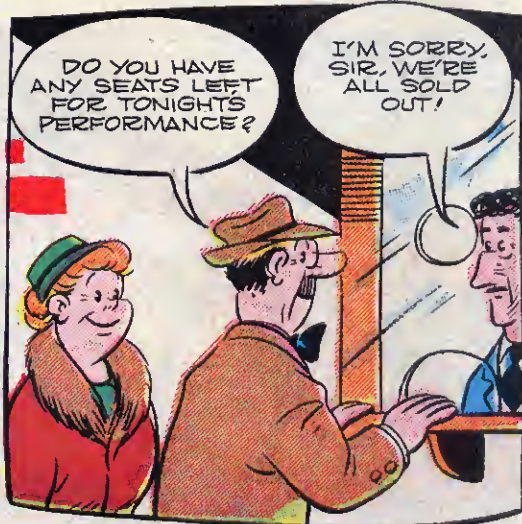
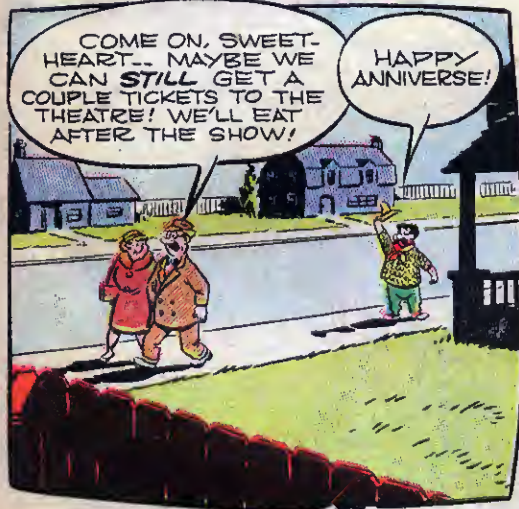
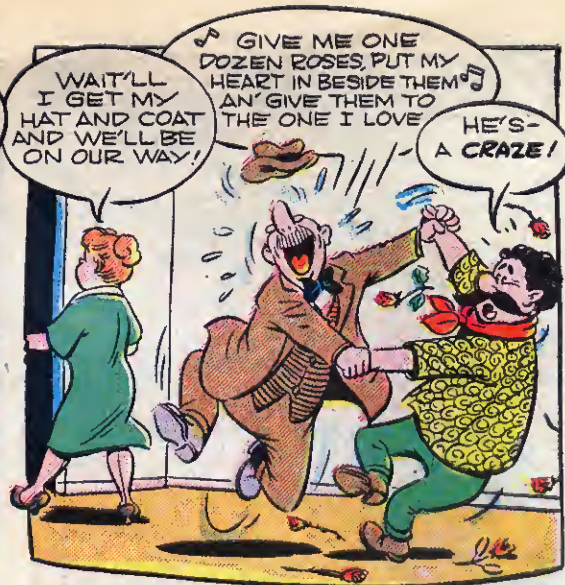
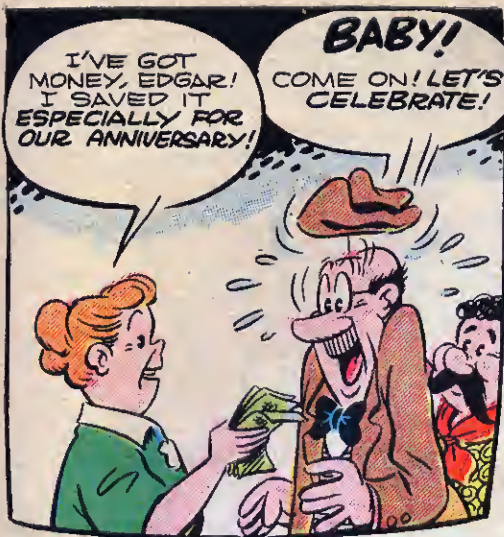
YES, I REMEMBERED! AND I HAD
AN ENTIRE EVENING, ALL PLANNED
FOR US! BUT I HAD SOME BAD LUCK!
A PICKPOCKET LIFTED MY WALLET!
I WAS GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT TO
DINNER AND TO THE THEATRE!
BUT THE TICKETS AND ALL MY
MONEY WERE IN THE WALLET!

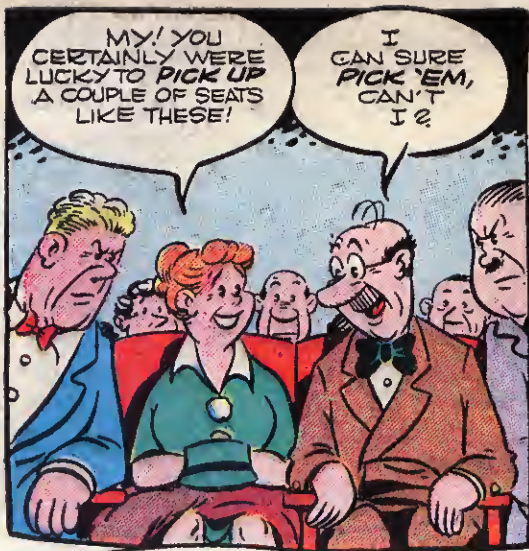
EDGAR,
WHO'S YOUR
FRIEND?

I WAS GOING TO BUY
SOME ROSES FOR YOU TOO,
BUT I CAN'T MAKE THIS CHARACTER
UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVEN'T
ANY MONEY! HE JUST KEEPS
FOLLOWING ME!

BUY-A
SOME ROSE,
LADY?







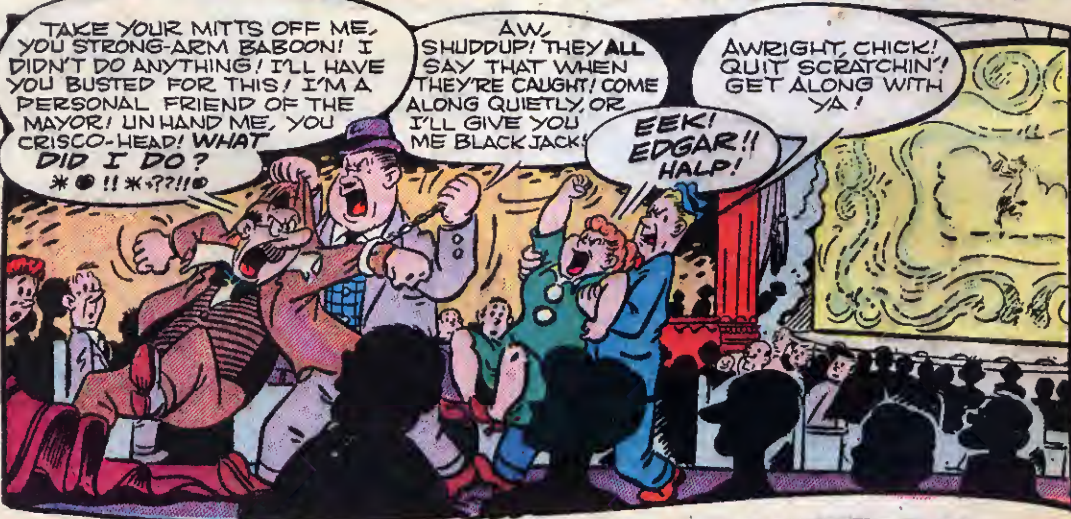
MY! YOU CERTAINLY WERE LUCKY TO PICK UP A COUPLE OF SEATS LIKE THESE!

I CAN SURE PICK 'EM, CAN'T I?



PICK 'EM, HUH? OKAY, YOU TWO! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

I'LL TAKE THIS GUY, JOE! YOU BRING HIS MOLL!



TAKE YOUR MITTS OFF ME, YOU STRONG-ARM BABOON! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! I'LL HAVE YOU BUSTED FOR THIS! I'M A PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE MAYOR! UNHAND ME, YOU CRISCO-HEAD! WHAT DID I DO?
* * * * *

AW, SHUDDUP! THEY ALL SAY THAT WHEN THEY'RE CAUGHT! COME ALONG QUIETLY, OR I'LL GIVE YOU ME BLACK JACK!

AWRIGHT, CHICK! QUIT SCRATCHIN'! GET ALONG WITH YA!

EEEK! EDGAR!! HALP!

MEANWHILE, KATIE, NATCH and JACKSON ARE PREPARING A SURPRISE PARTY AT THE KILROY HOME!



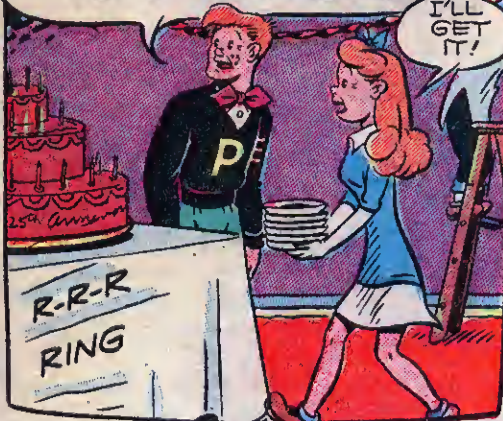
GOSH! I WONDER WHERE MOM AN' POP ARE? THEY OUGHTA BE GETTIN' HOME!

I'LL BET MOM'LL BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE SEES ALL THIS STUFF!

HEY! KEEP YOUR FINGERS OUT OF THE FROSTING! REMEMBER THAT CAKE IS HALF MINE!

THERE GOES THE TELEPHONE! I HOPE IT'S NOT MOM AN' POP CALLIN' TO SAY THEY'RE NOT COMIN' HOME-- AFTER WE WENT TO ALL THIS WORK TO GIVE THEM A **SURPRISE PARTY!**

I'LL GET IT!



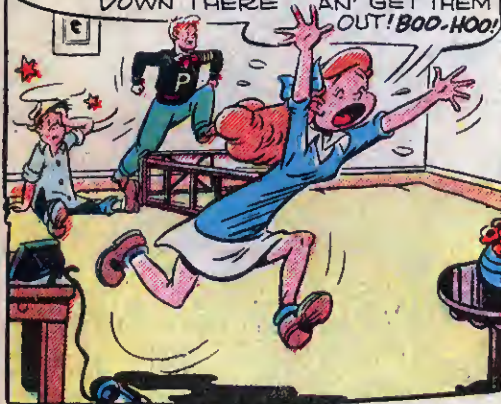
POLICE DEPARTMENT -- HUH? PICK-POCKETS? OHHHHHHH!

WHO?

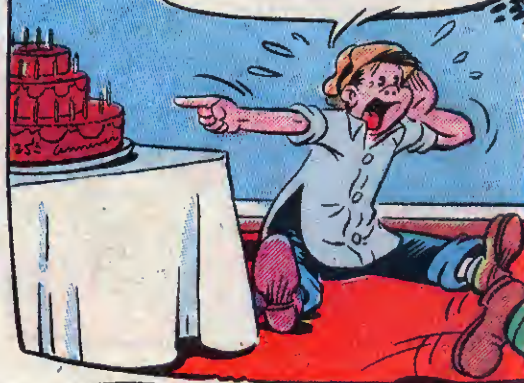
WHAT?



HURRY, NATCH! MOM AN' POP ARE IN JAIL FOR PICKIN' POCKETS! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S NOT TRUE! OH, POOR MOTHER! WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE AN' GET THEM OUT! BOO-HOO!



HEY! WHAT ABOUT THE ICE CREAM AN' CAKE? IF THEY'RE GONNA SPEND THEIR ANNIVERSARY IN JAIL, THEY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE EVERYTHING THAT GOES WITH IT!



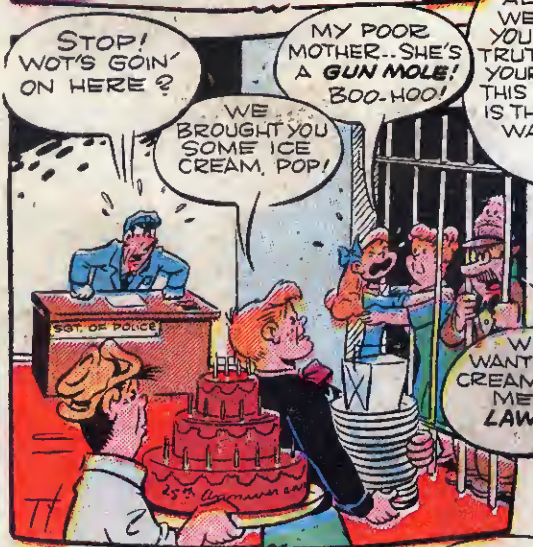
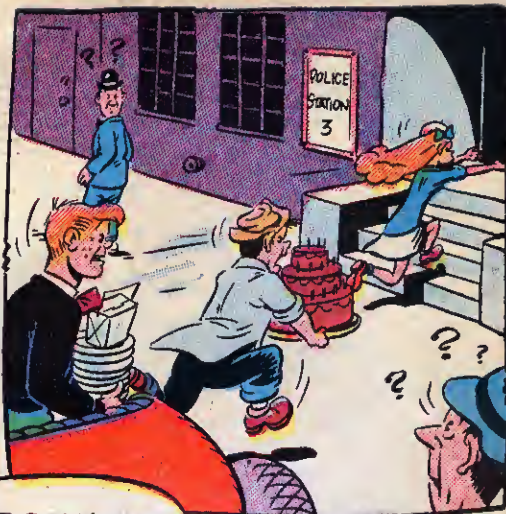
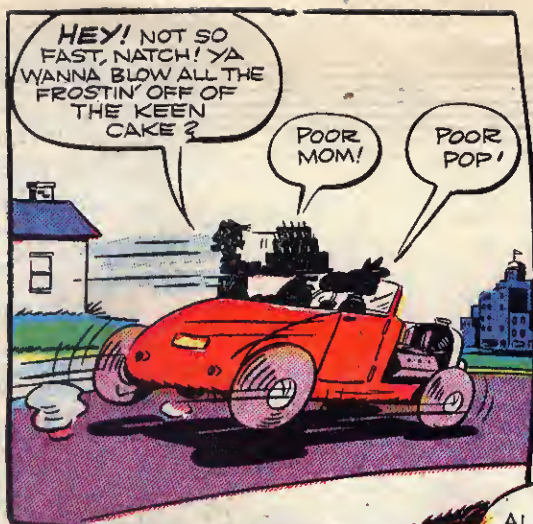
COME ON, GRAB THE ICE CREAM! I'LL TAKE THE CAKE!



GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR FOLKS WERE PICKPOCKETS! ABOUT HOW MUCH DO THEY PICK UP A WEEK?

THEY'RE NOT, YOU FOOL! THERE'S SOME MISTAKE!





Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make YOU

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is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F.
Kelly, Physical Di-
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Atlantic City.

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FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
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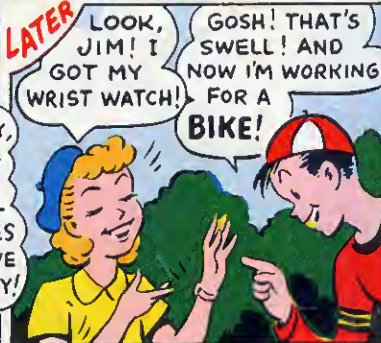
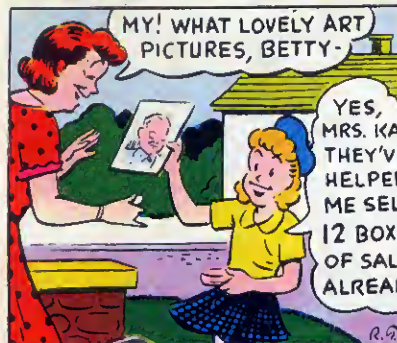
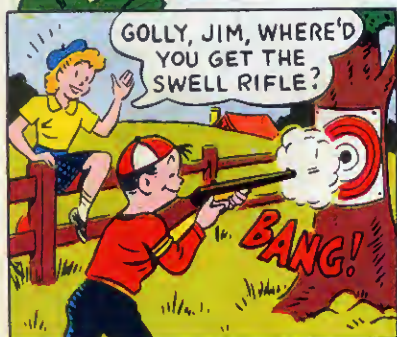
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